THE SPHERE

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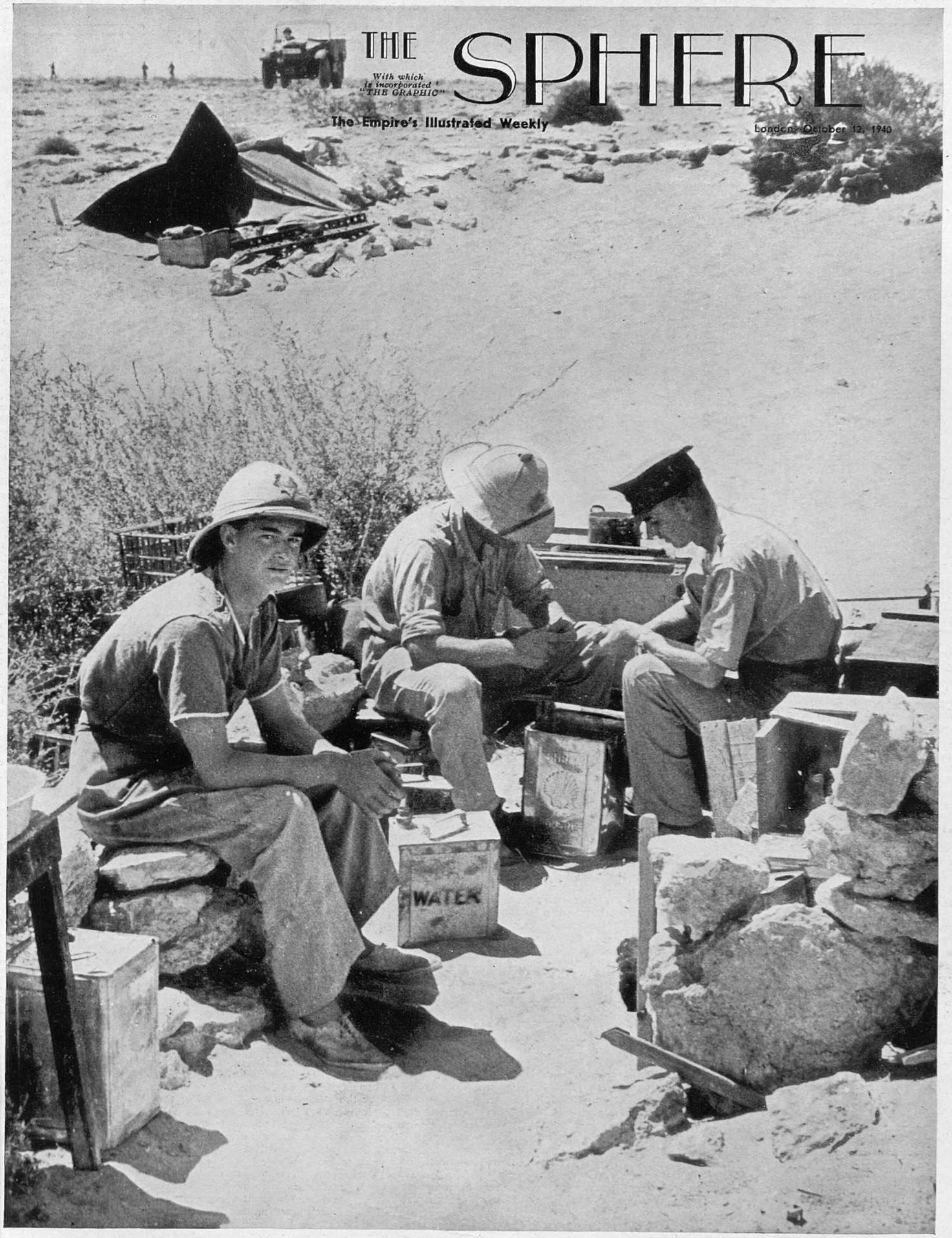

AWAITING THE ONSLAUGHT ON EGYPT

British Troops out in the Western Desert, Where the Italian Advance Must Come

It is now expected that the Italian advance towards Egypt will soon be launched through the Western desert. For unknown reasons, after the occupation of Sidi Barrani, Marshal Graziani's forces came to a halt. Strong as these forces were reported to be, it may be that the Italian commander is awaiting further orders from Rome as a result of the Brenner meeting between Mussolini and Hitler. As has already been stated, the advance through the Western desert will not be easy for the invading Italians; the Navy commands the road along the coast, and there are strong British and Empire forces massed in opposition over the whole 300-mile stretch to the Nile. It was stated a few days ago that the R.A.F. in this region has already been reinforced by men and machines from home—a most striking testimony to our rapidly growing strength in the air. The above is an official picture which has just been received from Egypt

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A WAR NEWSLETTER—No. 58

32–34, ST. BRIDE STREET, E.C.4

CABINET CHANGES.—

The reception by the German radio and press of Mr. Chamberlain's retirement as a result of ill-health was so mixed as to set even Britain puzzling again about a subject long since written off as insoluble by any known method of reasoning—just Goebbels tying himself in knots in a paroxysm of hate. On the day of the announcement the official and semi-official voices of Nazidom simply would not try to keep in time or tune. Was he to be the arch-traitor of the doomed British Empire or the only sane, restraining force which strove to keep Britain from disaster? Would it hurt Mr. Churchill more to curse Mr. Chamberlain or to give him a grudging tribute? Unable to settle the question, the official organs tried both lines and were in unison only in scurrility. What worlds away from any inkling of the truth in the enemy's capital are London and Berlin to-day! It is strange to think that a few hundred miles can still be the barrier they were in the iron age, despite the fact that visits can be (and are) paid to each capital by day and night in an hour or so of flying; that the wireless blares out fact and fable addressed to the other side all hours of the day, and highly paid sleuths collect and export facts whenever they can. If ever a resignation was due to natural causes and not to political undercurrents, it is this of Mr. Chamberlain. History one day will assess his policy and achievements. No man living in Britain to-day can ever have doubted his zeal, his patriotism, his devotion to duty and his hatred of war, which every Briton shares. I do not think he need fear the findings of history. What he lost on the swings, he made up on the roundabouts, and you cannot say much more of a superman in politics or war or the arts. So for a time the Chamberlain strain of hereditary politician dies out. In the reconstructed Cabinet two sons of tried politicians with historic names have come in. Lord Cranborne has already held office; Mr. Oliver Lyttelton, son of Mr. Alfred Lyttelton, makes his bow on the political stage. In more senses than one he has already shown his mettle. He has brains, drive, health, and any amount of assurance. He began to reveal all those qualities in extreme youth.

SLOW, HOW SLOWLY.—

As prophesied, we continue to have our setbacks, and we shall probably continue to have them. The forces arrayed against us are immensely strong and the permutations, political and military, which they can arrange against us are still many. The Dakar affair was a setback to our hopes, if not indeed a blunder, but there was more petulance than logic in the reception of its failure by the Press of America. It is not very fair of the ringside backer of a pugilist to hoot him if one of his straight lefts goes amiss—nor does it encourage the boxer. As for the Axis-Japan pact for a new world order, that need not greatly concern us. It alters nothing but a phrase. The war goes on and we are in a stage when inevitably progress must seem very slow. The more need to realise that words mean little and deeds everything. We must not count our gains but the enemy's failures to achieve their boasts. Those failures (and they at least are evident) are the proof we need that there *is* progress to ultimate victory for freedom. Hopes may be dupes, but fears are constantly liars. And, if westward the land is not yet bright, let us remember in these dark days of trial that slowly, howsoever slowly, the sun *does* climb.

MAKING HOLES IN FIELDS.

—I don't know how much a moderate-sized bomb costs. As I understand finance à la Reich, the Nazis produce their war material and armaments without putting their hands in their pockets. That perhaps accounts for their generous expenditure of bombs on our fields and commons. In this rural area where I live there is not a military objective, so judged in the most liberal sense, within a five-mile radius, yet in the past few days Nazi bombers have released over it at least thirty bombs, not counting incendiaries. They fell in fields and on commons and did no damage worth mentioning even locally. Military damage they could not do. What they did, did not even disturb the work and production of a single farmer. Some people woke up, others slept through the noise. All are by now inured to the constant buzzing and circling of the idiot gnat. Old Slocombe may be a good practice bombing ground for green Nazi recruits, but, if such bombing is designed to "win the war," it is a very long-view and extravagant policy. It looks more like the work of petulant schoolboys, of the fourth-form-oaf type. One incendiary out of scores of harmless ones did indeed set light to a section of old rick hay. It burned up and for an hour afterwards relays of raiders rained high explosive bombs on the fire. The rick was in the centre of a large field. The practice was quite good and all the bombs fell harmlessly. It is an expensive form of practice for aspiring Nazi bombers and amused our Home Guard patrols.

ONE OF THE POSTERS WHICH HAVE BEEN INTRIGUING LONDONERS: Many people, victims of the bombing raids on the Capital, have thought this same thing. The line of comment (that "Bullies are Always Cowards") is a forceful statement of what many people are thinking. The poster has been put up at his own expense by Mr. J. Beable, who some time ago put up another poster calling for recognition of Mr. Churchill. It seems not unlikely that Mr. Beable may see his advice put into practice by the new chief of the Air Force, Sir Charles Portal, who is known to be a believer in giving the enemy a taste of his own medicine

U.S. REPORTERS.—

American reporters of war news in the belligerent countries have received from their compatriots in America a heartfelt tribute to their zeal, courage and news service. It is, I am sure, a tribute largely deserved and earned. It means much to people vitally interested, whether they be fighting an election or a death struggle or both, to hear first-hand accounts of what is going on in the vortex, but, now as ever, in the long run all news service depends for its worth and reputation on its accuracy. It is not to be denied that much news gleaned by American correspondents and sent to the States has been heartening news to lovers of freedom and enemies of tyranny. It is not to be denied that high qualities of grit, determination and meticulous care have gone to make many of those reports. At the same time it must be admitted that some of the most "splashed" news-scoops secured by American reporters have not received the imprimatur of the British M.O.I., and that some of the tallest war stories (so regarded by official London) have originated from American reporters and have passed current for any length of time only in the States. It was from American sources—to take recent instances—that the abortive invasion story originated. It was from the same sources that we heard that many of the barges bombed in invasion ports were crammed with German troops. It was American reporters who described the washing up of hundreds of bodies of German invasion troops. We are not in a position to dismiss these colourful stories (and scores of the same kind) as just "new stories." All we can say is that our reputable journals and our own Ministry of Information gave no countenance to them as facts. They are true, or they are false or grossly exaggerated. If true, it is curious that we, who would welcome evidences of our own success, may not benefit from them. If false or grossly exaggerated, it is fair to comment that the laws of evidence, as applied in the British Courts, do not appear to direct the findings of all the reports of all American correspondents. It is not difficult to be a war correspondent if you draw for facts on your imagination.

WAR AND WILLS—REALISM NEEDED.—

Property means very little to-day—that is, individual property. After the war, when there will be little to come and go on, every little will help individuals to rebuild and carry on their lives. Most people in making their wills never contemplate the blotting out at one moment of the whole of their immediate family whom they design to benefit, and accordingly seldom provide for the ultimate inheritance beyond their own children. But in this war one bomb, dropped indiscriminately, may very well blot out an entire family, so that no one named in the will will survive to benefit under it. The laws of intestacy inheritance then step in and the estate will devolve on the testator's heirs at law. Now, it may very well be that such devolution would not accord with the testator's wishes, if he were to consider a possibility which in peace, when he made his will, he regarded as too remote to be worth considering. He may have only a remote relation whom he dislikes or who is already rich; he may have a dozen friends or dependants whom he would like to benefit but for the prior needs and rights of his own children. Therefore, in this time of danger, it behoves a man to bestir himself and take thought for these remoter contingencies and to make a codicil to his will which will benefit those remoter claimants on his generosity whom he would wish to share in his estate if he had no widow and children to take it. The laws of inheritance are soulless and impersonal and take no note of individual circumstances or personal prejudices.

HOME GUARD SUBSISTENCE.

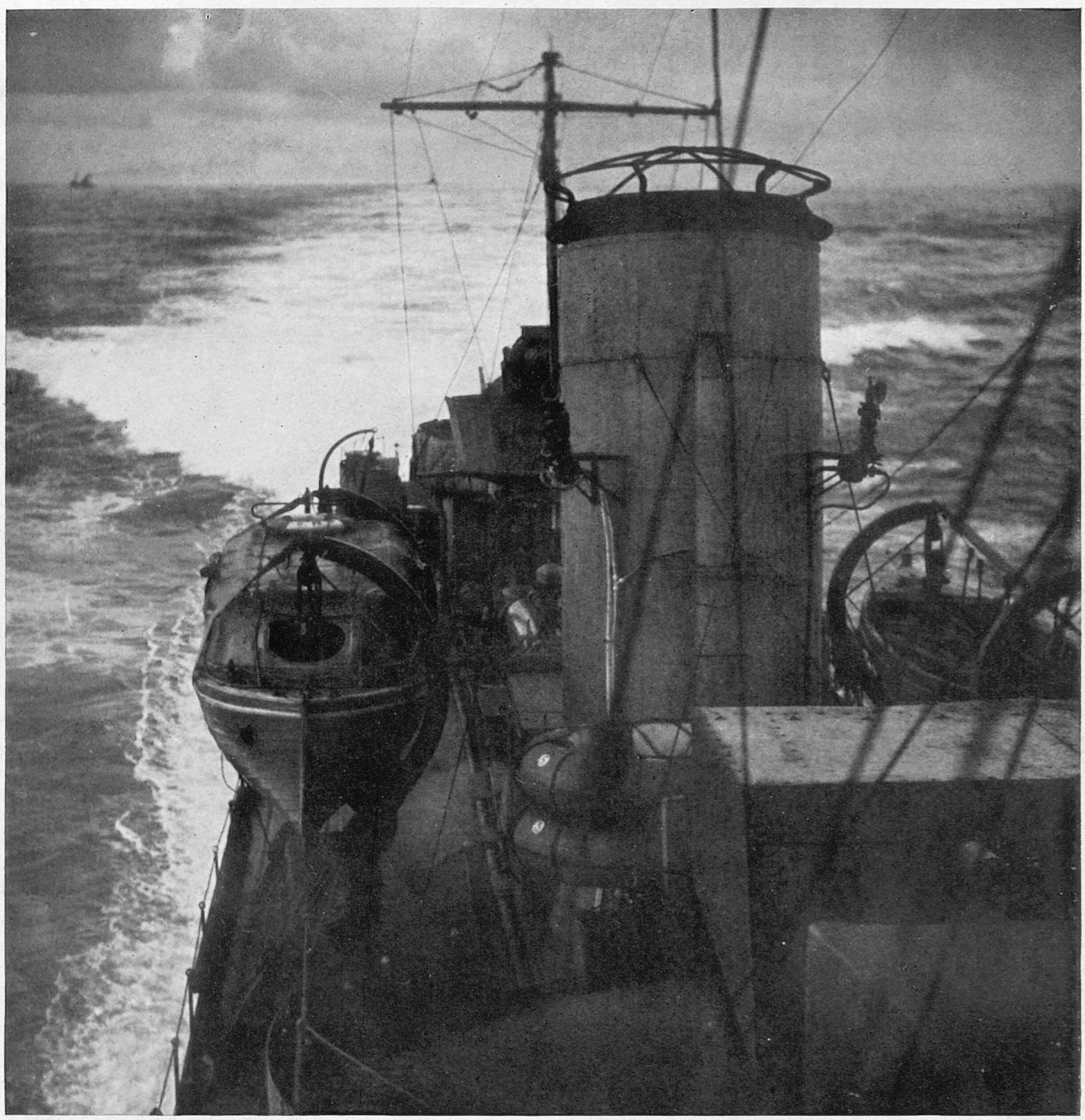
—Is it too late for the authorities to change their minds and put the Home Guard subsistence payment on a basis which is equitable and workable? The present system is neither the one nor the other. It may work in urban areas. In rural areas it is cumbersome, laborious and expensive, inequitable and well-nigh intolerable. The average or maximum that a volunteer may earn under the conditions governing subsistence in any month is 7s. 6d., if he goes on duty all night once in seven days. That works out at £4 10s. a year. To work out and distribute his monthly dole costs hours of work and much petrol in rural areas. And there are many important jobs in the Home Guard besides patrolling. There are the motor cyclist messengers, the guides, the road traffic men, who do not, except in the invasion crisis, benefit by the grant. Yet these men are key men and constantly on the alert. The only fair way, the generally acceptable, sensible, economical way, would be to scrap this damnable compromise and award at Christmas an annual bonus of £4 to every volunteer whom his commander certifies to have done the duty allocated to him during the year. This alternative cries out for consideration. Justice, common sense, economy, experience, the wishes of the volunteers, all point conclusively to it.

CENSORSHIP ABSURDITIES.

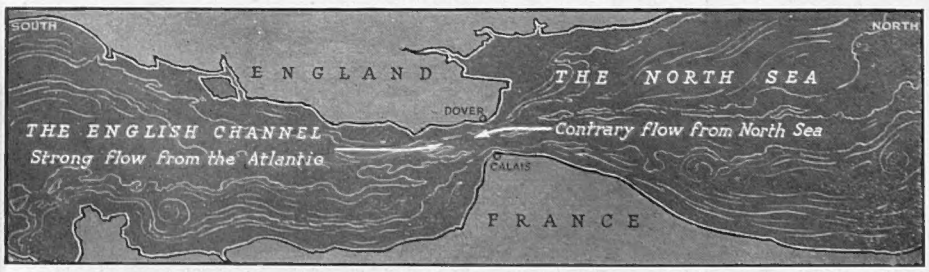
—While one Governmental voice assures our serving soldiers that everything shall be done to relieve their anxieties concerning their families in bombed areas, elsewhere a governmental hand prevents that desirable ideal. A lady who lives near me in the area which I sometimes call "Slocombe Parva" has three sons serving, two in the Air Force and one in the Army. She writes to them of her doings and of the local events, but she is always careful to put no address at the head of her letters. Her sons know her address and when they come back on leave they can freely hear her local history! Of late "Slocombe Parva" has, in common with many other rural areas in different parts of Britain, received the casual attention of Nazi bombers who, not liking to face the London barrage, drop their loads in rural areas near the coast—on fields and commons, an amusement more expensive to the Nazis than to the British and a comfortable indication of Nazi airman morale. The lady told her sons, among other village items, how a bomb fell in Parson's Piece, and on the "Slocombe" common, and one near Sandy Lane and how a fire bomb missed Farmer Biddle's old rick; but when her sons opened their letters they found that the postal censors had neatly cut out every reference to these "military" events in "Slocombe Parva." The inhabitants of "Slocombe Parva" who number at least two hundred souls, widely spread, know all about these bombs; they stand about gaping at the craters and take parties of children to look at them. It is quite likely, therefore, that these military secrets may one day leak out, and the lady's little items of news to her airman sons in Britain are unlikely to hasten the "general release," since serving soldiers are constantly coming to Slocombe on short leave or "passing through." That war is ridiculous we all know. It seems that the postal censors of inland letters have a keener sense of its absurdity than most of us. For this form of censorship is purely humorous, since it can conceal nothing from friends or enemies. The news of the bombing by the Nazis of purely rural areas remote from the broadest definition of a military objective ought to circulate widely. That can only mean one of two good things, either the morale and efficiency of the German Air Force is getting very low, or else Göring is (as he looks) a fat oaf of the mentality of a disgruntled schoolboy, left overgrown and overage in the lower school.

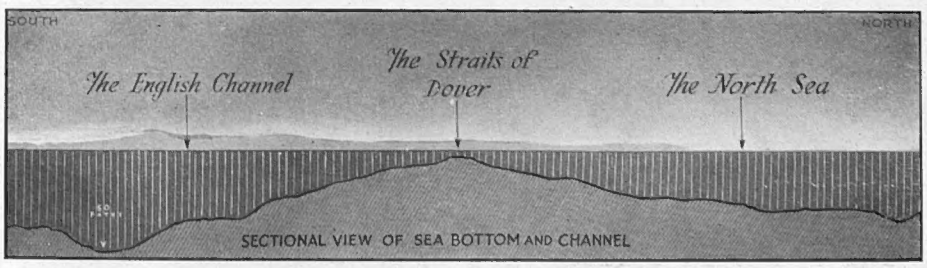
THE OLD STAGER

THE NAVY'S UNCEASING WATCH IN THE CHANNEL

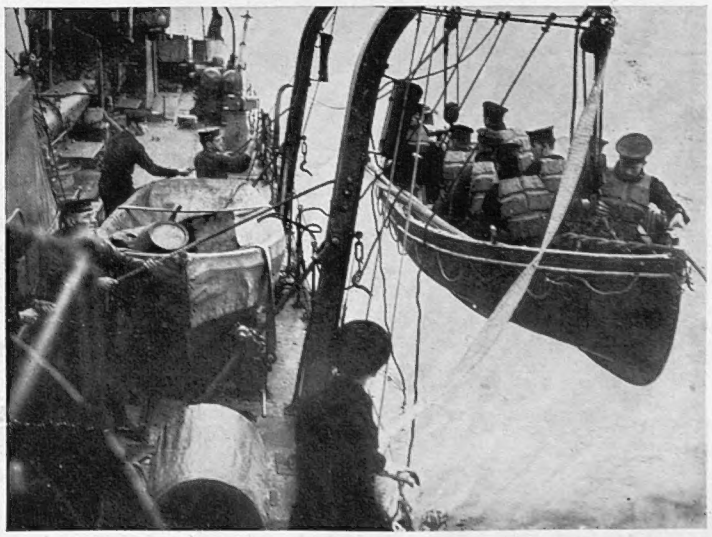


THE NIGHT PATROL RETURNS TO PORT AS OTHER VESSELS OF THE ROYAL NAVY TAKE UP THE CEASELESS WATCH: If the Germans ever invade Britain it will not be through lack of watchfulness on the part of the Navy. Night and day, in any and every sort of weather, destroyers and other craft patrol our shores, ready for action should the enemy dare to venture from the safety of their French and Dutch ports. Every movement of the enemy's shipping is noted and constant communication is held with the shore during these patrols. This vessel—after its vigil during the night—is returning to its base, whilst others go out to carry on the never-ceasing watch





WHY THE CHANNEL IS ROUGHER THAN MOST WATERS: At the point Dover-Calais, England is nearest the Continent: the narrow gap between the two countries naturally causes a restriction in the flow of the water from the North Sea to the Atlantic and vice versa. But, in addition, the sea bottom at this point rises steeply from 50 fathoms to almost a few feet: this further restricts the flow and is largely responsible for the turbulence and currents and general roughness of this narrow stretch of water



AN AIRMAN HAS LANDED IN THE SEA: The crew of the patrol vessel cruising in the Channel have spotted an airman baling out; at once the whaler is lowered and the men put out to the rescue to bring in the pilot—whether he be one of our own, or one of the enemy's

THE HEART OF LONDON IS STILL UNTOUCHED

A VIEW OF ST. JAMES'S STREET, THE HEART OF CLUBLAND: Like so many other centres there is no indication here that the Capital has succumbed to the enemy's attacks!

—AND IN PICCADILLY, TOO, THE VERY CENTRE OF LONDON, LIFE CONTINUES NORMALLY

With a huge city like London as their target, the Nazi bombers have undoubtedly caused damage in many areas. But it will take far, far more to subdue the Capital—or even seriously to interfere with its normal flow. Elsewhere in these pages pictures of another sort are given, showing the effect of the bombings on various historic buildings; the Londoner, however, well knows that he has to *look* for such scenes of havoc. Of damage to important military objectives there is surprisingly little

QUEEN MARY AND THE HOME GUARD

QUEEN MARY INSPECTS THE HOME GUARD AT MALMESBURY: During her stay in the West Country, Queen Mary is very active in many directions connected with Britain's war effort. A few days ago she inspected hundreds of the local Home Guard; and here she is seen at the entrance to Malmesbury Abbey as the men march past. Standing with the Queen is Captain Green; behind is the Duchess of Beaufort, and on the left (in a wheel chair) is Lady Mary Stanley

BERLIN EXPERIENCES THE

A Few of the very Meagre Pictures which the

BERLIN—A WRECKED HOUSE IN AN INDUSTRIAL DISTRICT
The actual target (which lies behind this building) is in no state to be photographed—nor is photography permitted by the Germans!

HAMBURG: A HOUSE WHICH RECEIVED A DIRECT HIT FROM THE R.A.F.

Unlike the British Government, the Germans will not permit the photographing of the real havoc wrought by the R.A.F. in Berlin and other German centres. The only pictures they have released to New York and elsewhere

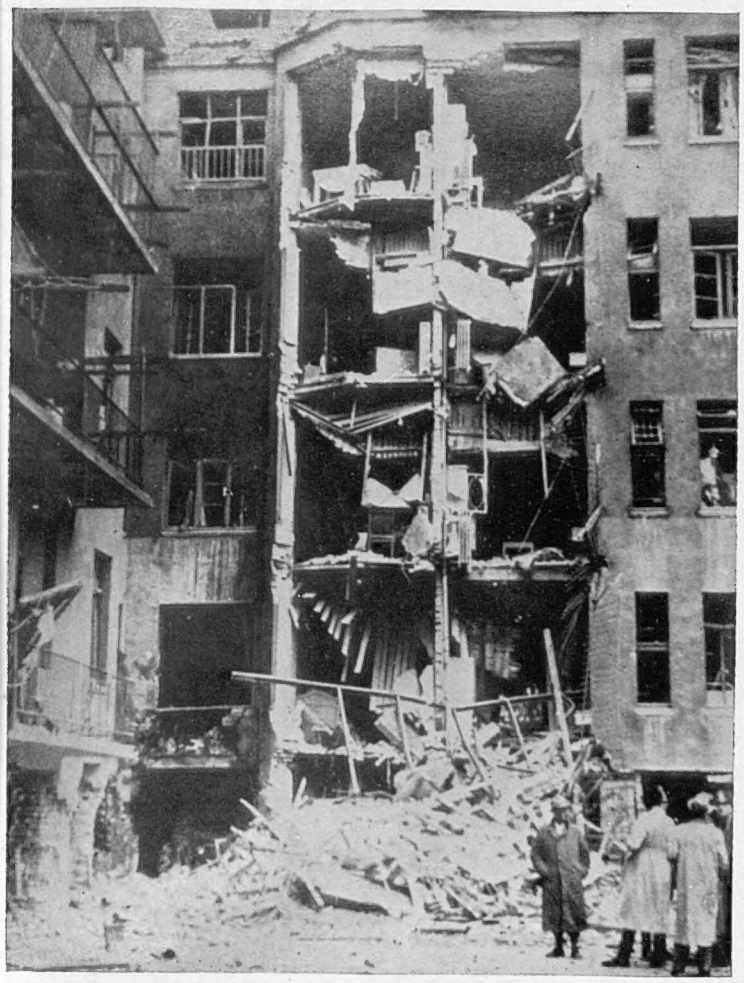
THE STREAM OF NAZI AIRMEN PRISONERS CONTINUES

TWO PICTURES SHOWING TYPES OF THE AIRMEN PRISONERS WHO ARE
Much to the chagrin of the Germans, every enemy plane brought down in Britain means the loss of its German crew—and airmen are the principal thing of which Germany is short at the moment, and becoming increasingly

MIGHT OF THE R.A.F.

German Censors have Allowed out of the Country

BERLIN—THE WRECKAGE ON KOTTBUSSER STRASSE: This is a point less than two miles from the Wilhelmstrasse. The two pictures given here were sent to New York by radio and thence back to London



BREMEN: A MASS OF WRECKAGE IN LORD HAW HAW'S TOWN

show only houses which have been wrecked; of the damage to industrial plants and other military objectives there has been no photography. Nevertheless, the effectiveness of the R.A.F. bombing is known to be considerable.

NOW BEING BROUGHT DOWN BY THE HUNDRED OVER GREAT BRITAIN

shorter with every day that passes. During the past few weeks, hundreds of their airmen have been captured; in fact, the flow has never ceased. This capture of her pilots and crews will tell more and more as the struggle continues

LEARNING THE SCIENCE OF WAR

AT A MILITARY SCIENCE COLLEGE IN THE NORTH-WEST: Inspecting the tracks of Bren-gun carriers to see how they are standing up to the difficult journey

TROOPS FROM THE DOMINIONS CHANGE THE TRACKS OF A BREN-GUN CARRIER

At a place in the North-West the Army has now established a College of Military Science, where potential Instructors, drawn from various artillery units in the area, are trained in the latest methods of mechanical warfare. A number of Dominion troops are now undergoing a course in the adaptation of modern transport conveyances to actual war conditions over rough country

THE NUMBER OF WRECKED NAZI PLANES GROWS

AT A DUMP FOR CRASHED ENEMY PLANES: The number of enemy aeroplanes shot down over this country now runs into thousands; many of them are, of course, shot to pieces. Of the remainder, however—and these are a very large number—all items likely to prove of value are removed. In the case of the less severely damaged aircraft, some of these have been repaired and actually flown by the R.A.F. (as described on pages 44 and 45 of this issue)

THE MEN WHO SMASHED THE COASTAL PORTS

—And the Result of Their Merciless Pounding of Dunkirk

THE FIRST STAGE OF THE JOURNEY TO FRANCE: Air crews "briefed" for the attacks on the Invasion ports clambering aboard an R.A.F. lorry for conveyance to their waiting aircraft out on the aerodrome

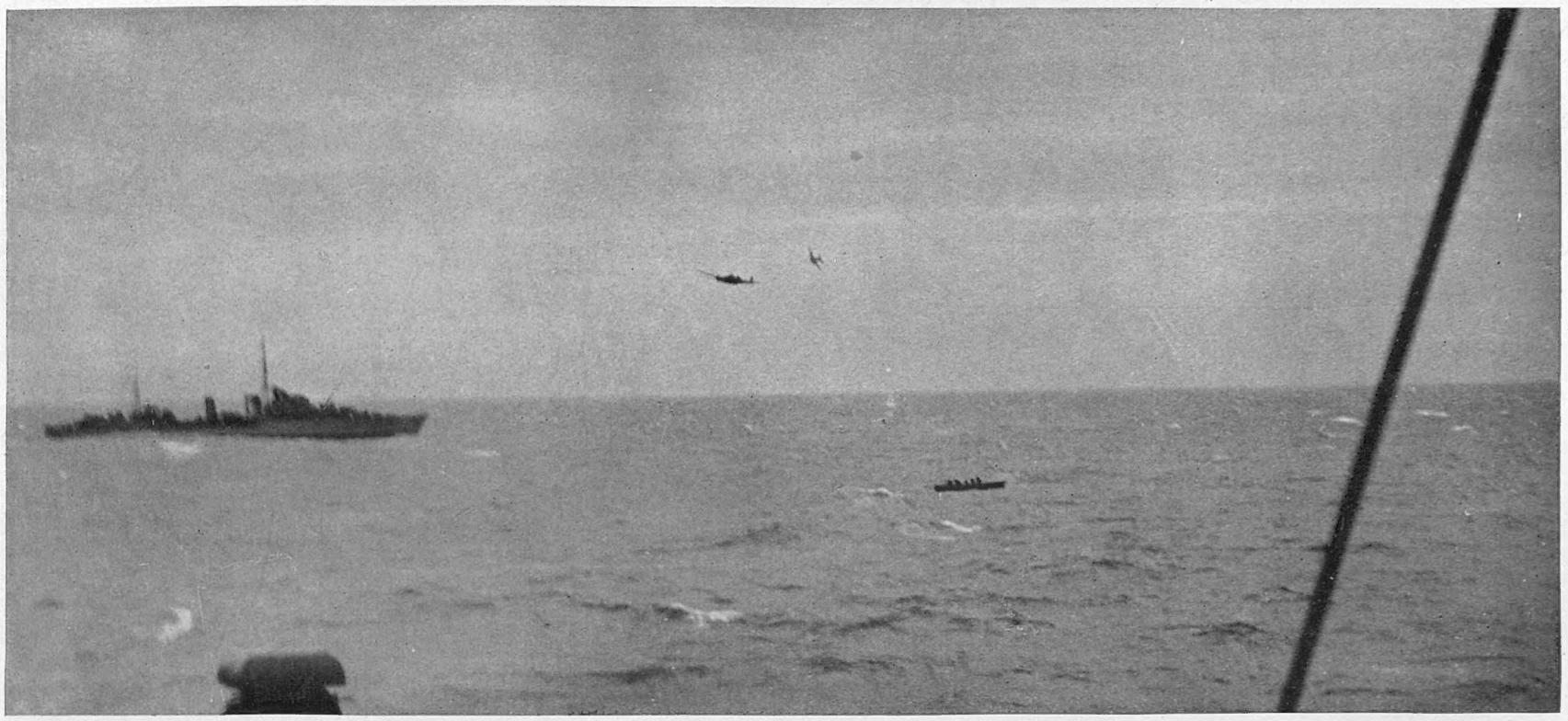
"BRIEFING" THE CREWS BEFORE THE RAID: Sergeant-Pilots and their navigators receiving instructions: it is at this meeting that courses are plotted and the various times of departure decided upon

AFTER THE RAID IS OVER: The bomber returns after its trip to the northern ports of enemy-occupied France; and the crew deplane—complete with parachutes, lifebelts, maps, mathematical instruments, and smiles—for hot drinks and overdue sleep

AN INVASION PORT IN RUINS—AS ADMITTED BY THE NAZIS: Although the German Censor, in releasing this picture for publication, describes it as showing the effects of German bombing in the harbour of a northern French city, it is more likely that it actually shows the effect of the continuous R.A.F. pounding of one of the German-occupied French Invasion bases

DUNKIRK, ONE OF THE CHANNEL PORTS POUNDED BY THE R.A.F.: This picture confirms that part of the docks and railway sidings have been extensively damaged; oil appears to be flowing from one vessel in the inner dock. In some areas whole blocks of buildings appear to have been razed to the ground. Dunkirk has now been the scene of many R.A.F. visits

The daring exploits of the R.A.F. during the present war will forever be remembered. Not only has Britain seen with growing confidence the increasing intensity of their attacks on Germany and German-occupied territory, but their consistent bravery and efficiency have won them the admiration of lovers of freedom all over the world. The pictures reproduced on this page were taken at the bombing station where Sergeant Hannah, our latest V.C., is stationed. Drawn from all walks of life, these airmen, against tremendous odds, have dropped bombs on Berlin and also taken part in the intensive bombing of the German-held coastal ports



RESCUE AT SEA: A WHALER FROM A BRITISH WARSHIP RESCUES THE CREW OF A BRITISH BOMBER AFLOAT IN THEIR RUBBER DINGHY AFTER 84 HOURS

Last week we were told a thrilling story of the rescue of a British bomber crew in the North Sea, after warships and planes had tried for three-and-a-half days to reach their rubber dinghy, despite repeated German attempts to stop them. Here is a picture of the dramatic scene. A whaler from one of the warships is seen approaching the dinghy (barely discernible in the smother of white seas immediately to the left of the whaler). Aircraft, which first sighted the tiny rubber boat, are circling overhead to protect the British airmen from German attackers. The picture was taken from one of the warships standing by: another is seen in the background. German aircraft were driven off with ignominy before the rescue was effected

THE NEW CHIEF OF AIR STAFF

THE R.A.F., especially the Bomber Command, have been expecting the appointment to Chief of Air Staff of Air Marshal Sir Charles Portal for some months. In spite of a public school and university up-bringing he can claim to be the first C.A.S. to have risen from the ranks—for he went to France as a motor-cycle dispatch rider in 1914.

He learned to fly in 1915, and has gone steadily up in the R.F.C. and R.A.F. ever since. He is one of the men whom Lord Trenchard had marked for exalted position before he himself left the job of C.A.S. in 1930.

Air Marshal Portal has the great gift of leadership. His men swear by him. And one used to hear people in the Bomber Command, when the R.A.F. was forced to concentrate on trying to save the French Army during its downfall, wishing that our bombers could get loose to do their proper job. "If *our* man had a free hand," they used to say. The success of our bombing since Sir Charles Portal has been able to concentrate on the job shows how well his people knew him.

Incidentally, though I naturally may not say when or where and how, Sir Charles has, on occasion, gone out with his own bombers on active service, to learn just what his people have to meet and endure. Which is one reason why his people think so highly of him.

Sir Cyril Newall well deserves his appointment to be Governor-General of New Zealand. He learned to fly, as a Ghurka Officer on leave, in 1913. He did very well in the R.F.C. until in 1918 he was appointed by Maj.-General Trenchard to command the brigade of active service squadrons in the Independent Air Force, which Lord Weir, our second Air Minister, had ordered him to form, specifically to bomb German armament factories. Thus Sir Cyril was the first General Officer to have experience of independent industrial bombing

One can understand how during the first six months of this war, when politicians forbade bombing to all the belligerents, Sir Cyril's nerves must have been worn to rags by his efforts to get something started and by constant repression.

Sir Cyril takes with him the best wishes of all who worked with or under him during his twenty-seven years of air service.

C. G. G.

AIR MARSHAL SIR RICHARD PEIRSE: Vice Chief of the Air Staff, new Commander of the Bomber Command

AIR MARSHAL SIR CHARLES PORTAL, formerly in command of the Bomber Command, who has just been appointed Chief of the Air Staff in succession to Sir Cyril Newall (who has been appointed Governor-General of New Zealand)

PLANNING THEIR COSTLY "BLITZKRIEG"? GÖRING WITH HIS AIR FORCE GENERALS: Some little time ago, Marshal Göring was reported to be in Northern France, planning the air "blitzkrieg" against Britain. It has already cost Germany 2,000 of her first-line aircraft! Here are General Hans Jeschonnek, Air Force Chief of General Staff; Air Force General Bruno Loerzer; and Marshal Göring

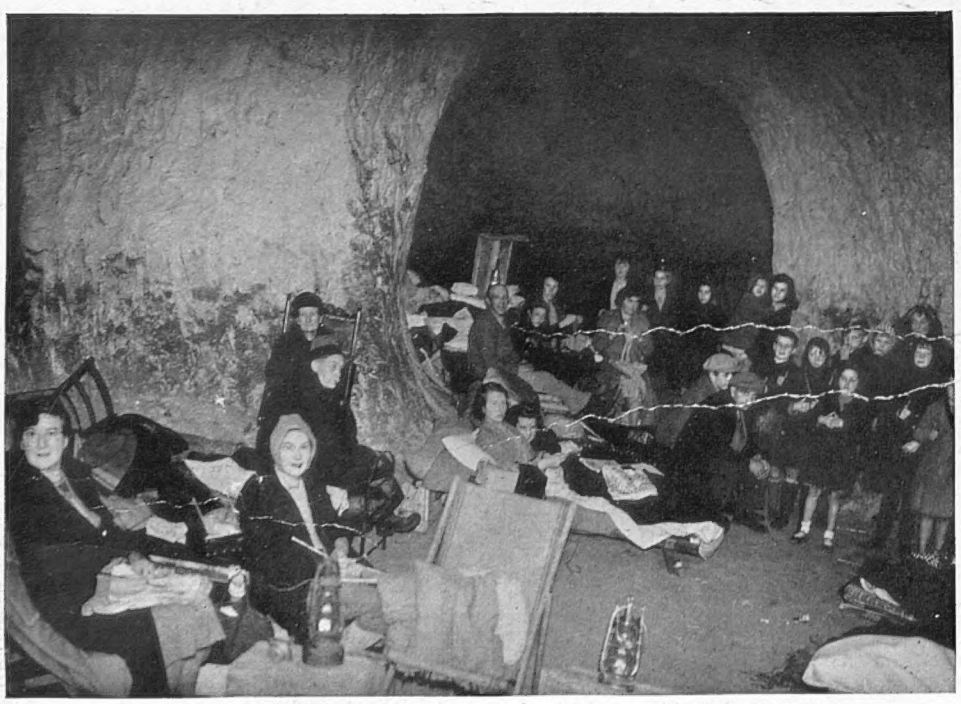
EMOTION IN A CAPTURED GERMAN AIRMAN: A prisoner of war, soon after his capture, never looks at his best—but here is an outsize in emotion! This German airman was on his way to an English concentration camp when our picture was taken. For concentrated bitterness and hatred this pilot's expression would take a deal of beating!

THE FIRST PICTURE OF LAMBETH PALACE AFTER ITS BOMBING

In a speech a few days ago at the Diocesan Conference, the Archbishop of Canterbury disclosed that German raiders had bombed him out of historic Lambeth Palace on the south side of the Thames. This is one of the first pictures to be taken at the Palace showing some of the damage. The Tower on the right—the older part of the famous building—was undamaged. For over 600 years Lambeth Palace has been the residence of the Archbishops, the chapel (built in 1245) being its oldest portion; for 600 years its only enemy had been Time. Now the name of one other enemy must be added

BOMBED OUT OF HER HOME: All that remains of this woman's possessions is contained in the small heap in the roadway. When this picture was taken, a Rescue Squad was still digging amongst the wreckage for members of her family buried in the ruins

REMOVING LONDON'S TREASURES TO SAFETY: Owing to the indiscriminate Nazi bombing, the historic old lamp-posts around and near the Palace of Westminster, and known to thousands of visitors to London, are now being removed and will be stored until after the war



On left—

VILLAGERS SHELTER IN CAVES FROM AIR RAIDS: A labyrinth of caves—soundproof, bombproof and perfectly ventilated—provide shelter from night raiders for the people of a Kent village. The caves were formerly worked for sand used in brick making. Hurricane lamps light the caverns; and on the soft sandy floor, men, women and children sleep in safety

WRESTING TREASURES from the SEA

—*The War-time Work of Britain's Salvage Sections*

Described by F. C. BOWEN

THE salvage campaign on land is a very useful part of national effort, but it is not especially picturesque; at sea, salvage is one of the most romantic aspects of normal operations and is particularly interesting because of its added importance, danger and difficulty in times of war. It naturally falls into two sections, when carried out by ships specially designed and fitted for the work and when it is contrived by vessels which are not, and which are manned by ordinary sailors. Although the jobs done by the latter are more difficult and dangerous, and are acknowledged as such by the size of the awards made by the courts, it was not until the Merchant Shipping (Salvage) Act was passed this year that naval ships which were not specially fitted for towing and salvage work could claim any reward for the services they rendered to merchantmen, even when they were acknowledged to be particularly valuable and difficult.

A really good salvage job is the dream of every keen sailor both in peace and war; for one thing the award is usually well worth while and it is satisfactory to feel that a successful salvage job means the exercise of real skill which will be appreciated by every seaman. Such jobs carried out by merchant ships of ordinary design are nearly always deep sea services; refloating after a ship has been wrecked or beached generally demands specially designed craft and raising a wreck from the bottom of the sea invariably. In war-time the merchant sailor has a better chance of pulling off such a feat, with the enemy operating far from land, the constant risk of sabotage by time bombs and other means designed to function when the ship is at sea, the tendency for maintenance repairs and overhauls to be postponed through the war necessity of working every ship as hard as possible, and the natural deterioration of ships which have been a long time laid up. In addition, of course, the ordinary marine risk is always present.

A helpless ship of any size in mid-ocean is a very difficult tow even in calm weather, and if her rudder is jammed to one side or the other, as it often is, it is impossible to do any good until a second ship makes fast astern and acts as a rudder by forcibly hauling her round.

The first thing to be done is to establish communication. The tow rope generally consists of the thickest steel wire, but no wire ever made will stand the shock of two big ships drawing apart if it is taut. Some means must therefore be found to give it spring and elasticity. Specially equipped tugs carry a very thick hemp cable to make part of the tow rope, and it will stretch until it is much less than half its normal thickness before it parts.

Ordinary merchant ships do not carry any hemp thicker than is necessary for mooring purposes, so that the necessary spring is usually obtained by shackling the end of the wire rope on to the salved ship's anchor cable, which by its weight will carry it down into the water and prevent it drawing absolutely taut. The next problem is where to make the tow rope fast on board the towing ship which, without the assistance of the towing hook fitted in just the right place in a tug, with no obstructions astern of it to be swept away by the tow rope, is generally passed round the after deckhouse which contains the steering engine; this takes up a good deal of the length of the tow rope and demands special precautions lest it should chafe at the corners of the deckhouse and break.

Inshore jobs are far more numerous than deep sea, either on ships ashore on the mainland or outlying sandbanks, or on those sunk in shallow water which may be awash or submerged little more than they would normally be with a full cargo. Many of the former have been beached owing to war damage and nowadays there are an unusual number of the latter on account of the German use of magnetic mines in the approach channels to British ports, as they only function in a limited depth. Bomb damage has been the cause of a number of smaller craft sinking or being beached.

THE NAVY'S DEADLY SPEEDBOATS: Motor torpedo boats, which have a speed of 50 knots, or 55 m.p.h., are the latest innovation to Britain's sea power. They carry two torpedoes and a number of depth-charges; they are also armed with eight Lewis guns for use against enemy aircraft. These boats have already proved their worth in encounters with enemy shipping in the Channel and are the perfect answer to the enemy's E boats

The Admiralty has its own Salvage Section to deal with such cases. It was founded during the late war and did magnificent work under Sir Frederick Young who was a wizard at his job. It was revived immediately the present war broke out and had to face many difficulties, for the original organisation had been dispersed and comparatively few of its key personnel remained.

There was also a very grave lack of material, for during the depression most British salvage ships had been broken up and for economical reasons the business had passed very largely into the hands of the Dutch, Germans and Danes. The Admiralty itself possessed a number of tugs, principally those of the Saint class built for rescue work in 1917 and 1918, for the newer tugs were mostly fully employed on dockyard work and although the privately-owned tugs which normally handle liners in and out of dock are generally fitted with pumps and other salvage appliances, they are not equipped to the same extent as a proper salvage vessel. Luckily most of the Dutch salvage ships, including some of the finest in the world, escaped when Germany invaded their ports and they have proved invaluable.

Even so, there is a serious shortage of material and it must not be wasted, so that the first thing to be done is to carry out a very careful survey as to the chances of getting the damaged ship off or up.

The best chances of success are where the ship has been put on to the beach or on a convenient sandbank, but work has to be started immediately, for even a few hours' delay will endanger the success of the venture. Salvage vessels are taken alongside, or as near as may be safe in the sea running, and small vessels of various types are taken out to receive the cargo as it is taken out of the holds by shore labour. Big patches are prepared so that they can be secured over the holes in the ship's plating, and the edges of these have to be made reasonably even so that the patch will be more or less watertight. Under the control of the salvage officer all hands work as a magnificent team, and in the somewhat rare event of a landsman being allowed to watch, the operations are a revelation. Onlookers are not encouraged, for with the very best of intentions they will probably get in the way. All the time a constant lookout has to be maintained for enemy attack and during the operations the Navy does its best to keep ships mounting anti-aircraft guns on the spot.

If the salvage officer, during his first survey, decides that it is not worth while attempting to get the ship off entire, the great thing is to save everything that could possibly be of use to the country, both cargo and the ship's fittings and fabric. It is almost certain that the boiler room of the wreck will be flooded, so that no power will be available for her winches and derricks unless it is passed across from the salvage ship or other vessel alongside. Then as much cargo as possible is raised from the holds. What will float and will not come to very much harm in the water is dumped overboard to be collected by longshoremen and fishermen who are duly rewarded, but heavy objects and commodities that will spoil have to be lifted into the craft alongside.

The work can be very dangerous with free water in the holds and a strong tide running, so that the gangs have to work feverishly hard whenever conditions are favourable, with the knowledge that a sudden gale may break up the ship and put an end to all their efforts, possibly to their lives also.

The next consideration is everything of the ship herself which can be useful. Life-boats, davits, cargo winches, wire rope, anchors and cables, navigating fittings and a score of other things are accessible on deck and can be made serviceable for new ships with very little re-conditioning. Below deck, but reasonably accessible and portable, there are electric motors, pumps and scores of comparatively light auxiliary machines in the engine room which run away with a very considerable proportion of the cost of a new ship, in addition to demanding valuable time to construct. The engine room will also contain a number of spare parts which are specially valuable in the case of merchant ships where the motors have attained a high degree of standardisation which permits the fittings of one ship to be transferred to another with similar engines. The propellers are very valuable if they are bronze and useful if cast iron; they are made to be easily removed when the ship is dry-docked but they may be difficult to get at owing to the sand having silted up round the stern of the wreck.

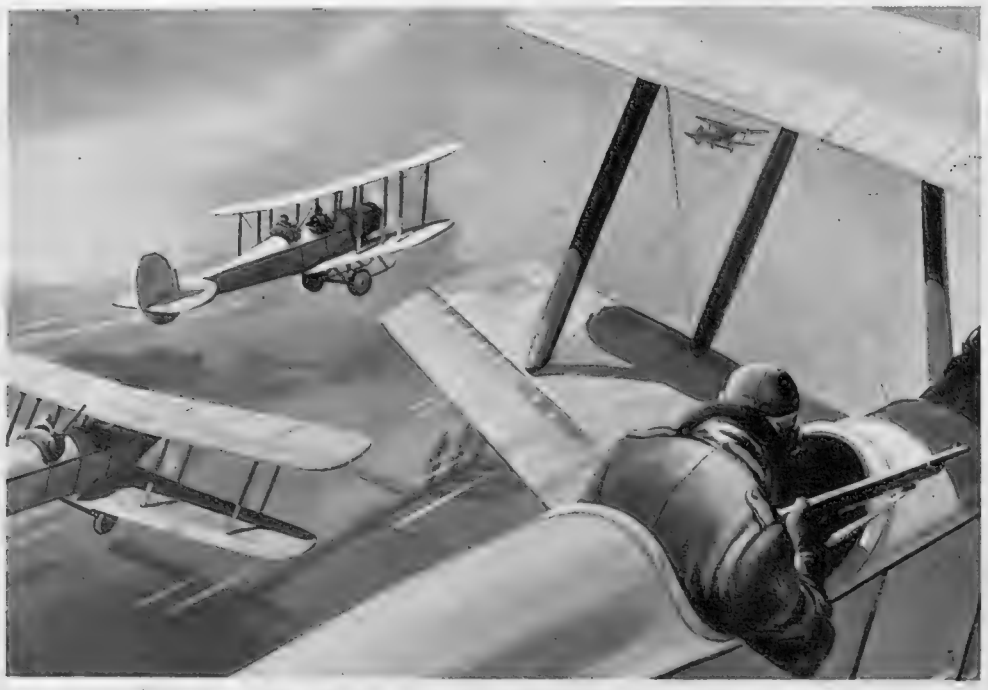
Then there is the great problem of the main engines and again it is a question of the chances of success in a very big job by extemporised means. It is a task which cannot very often be contrived, but is well worth trying. The lifting of engines and boilers in a well-equipped port, without motion to be considered and with big cranes available, is quite a big job, but in the open position of the average wreck it is a colossal one. If it can be contrived, the machinery will be of the greatest national value. Either steam or Diesel machinery can generally find a hull to suit it well enough for war-time purposes, so that if its salvage appears at all possible it is undertaken. It is perhaps the biggest job connected with salvage, but it has been successfully accomplished more than once to the great credit of everybody concerned.

Finally the salvage officer has to decide what is useful in the hull fabric itself. Such salvage would never be considered in peace-time unless the wreck were in a very sheltered position, but in war it is different and a ship or two successfully treated can yield more scrap steel than all the trophy guns in the country. Oxy-acetylene cutting plants are made portable nowadays and every well equipped salvage vessel carries one; it goes through the steel sides and decks of a ship like a knife through butter, but the securing of the salvage is not easy. It is seldom that any scrapping operations are considered below the convenient reach of the cutting plant unless the wreck is obstructing a fairway, when explosives are used and every effort made to collect the steel from the bottom.

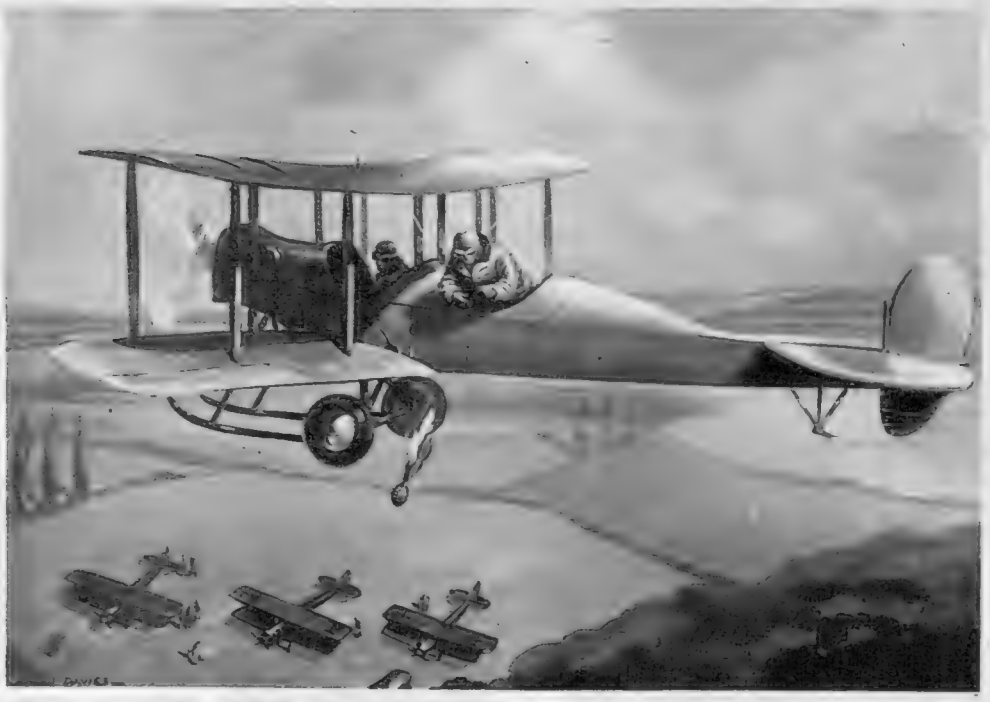
In any salvage work so much depends on the skill and experience of the salvage officer in charge that there is a tendency to forget the work done by the rank and file. There is no room for anybody inefficient, or with weak nerves, in a salvage crew, for the labour is as trying as anything that could be found. Brawn as well as skill and judgment are necessary, and while there is an opportunity of doing useful work interminable hours have to be put in with only odd moments for snatched meals, until the strongest man is dropping with fatigue. In addition to physical exertion there is cold and wet, the danger of death or serious injury from falling or swinging weights or from the water and, what the men dread most, the poisonous gas which is given off by many cargoes when they get wet, and by meat when the refrigeration breaks down. Sea salvage in all its forms is one of the hardest and most difficult jobs that can be tackled, but the results are very well worth while both personally and nationally.

NIGHT BOMBING

A Problem which is Rapidly Changing as the Defence gets Stronger. Together with Notes on the 1914 Origins of Bomber and Fighter



THE START OF THE AEROPLANE AS A FIGHTING MACHINE IN 1914: In the early days of the Great War it was originally intended that aeroplanes should act as observers for the Army, as spotters and for reconnaissance purposes. But this state of affairs did not suit the dashing young men of the R.F.C. On August 22, 1914, just three weeks after the outbreak of the war, a German spotting plane was pursued by six British machines, the passengers or "observers" of which had armed themselves with rifles. Thereafter, one or two pilots sought permission to fit a machine-gun as a permanent item of their equipment, and soon afterwards this armament was adopted

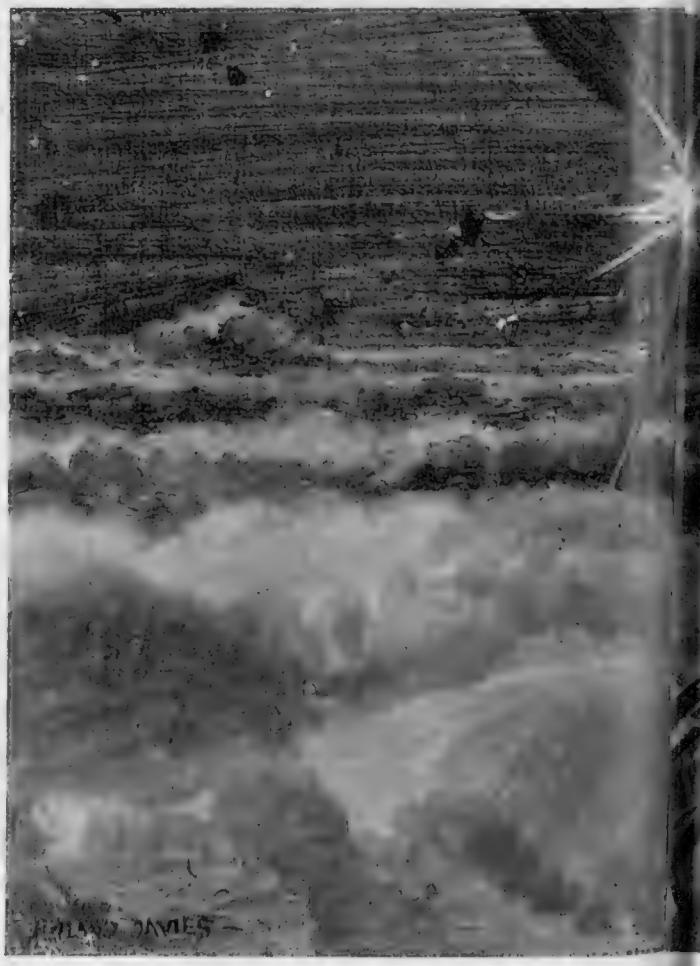


THE START OF THE AEROPLANE AS A BOMBER: Soon after war began in 1914 a British plane flew over a field wherein were parked three German planes. The observer of the British machine had armed himself with a home-made "bomb," of his own design, which consisted merely of a rifle grenade to which he had attached pieces of cloth to act as "fins" and thus improve its flight. This rough-and-ready bomb missed its target, but the possibilities of the new technique were soon officially taken up. A tin filled with petrol was also often used as a bomb; and frequently the observer in the back would go up with grenades slung about him in his belt

Drawings by Roland Davies

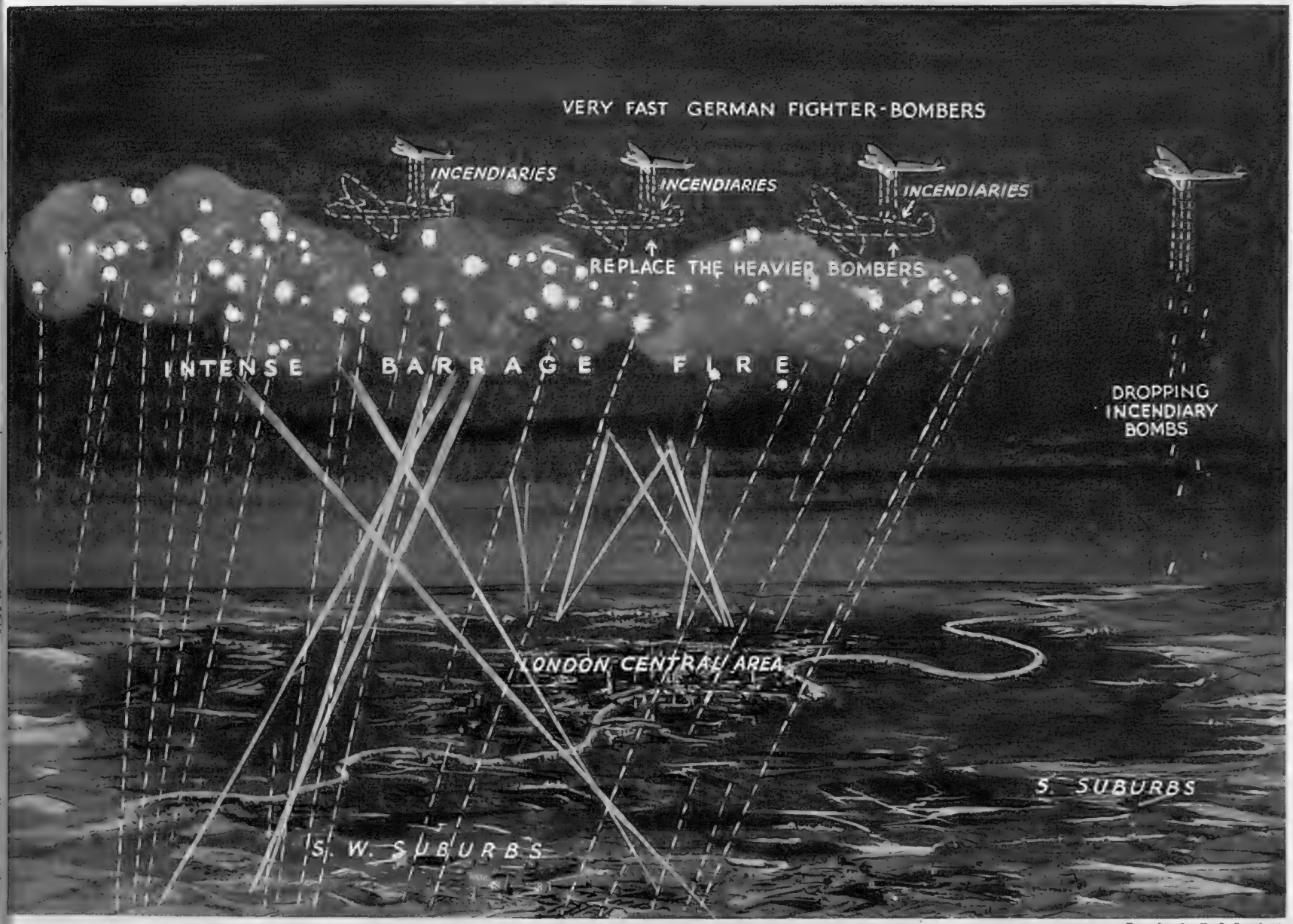
ON PATROL OVER THE ENEMY'S LINES WITH ONLY TWELVE HOURS' FLYING EXPERIENCE: In contrast to the extensive training of present-day pilots, which lasts for months and which embraces the most detailed tuition, many pilots in the last war were sent up over the enemy's lines after only a very few hours of flying experience. If they were fortunate they survived and became, in some cases, "aces"; if they were not fortunate they were shot down—because in those days there was very little armour-plating to protect a pilot, and there were no parachutes. A crippled plane, therefore, more often than not meant a dead pilot

A NEW ATTITUDE FOR A GERMAN MESSERSCHMITT 109: The pilot of this aeroplane saw two British Anson aircraft flying over Wincas Great Park: not being able to resist this tempting bait, he dived dow on them but missed. Then he attempted to bank away in a stee turn, but apparently the machine refused to respond to thi manœuvre, and pilot and plane crashed into the ground. The pilot, however, was unhurt and was taken prisoner by a Hurricane pilot from New Zealand who happened to be driving through the Park with his wife. Once again the Messerschmitt was able to demonstrate its lack of manœuvrability when the pilot found himself in a tight fix!



FLYING ABOVE THE CLOUD OVER THE LONDON BARRAGE, AN AI —A TERRIFYING EXPERIENCE

Were a non-flying Londoner suddenly to be projected into the cabin o one of the night-raiding German planes over the Capital, it is not unlikel that he would be far more scared than when he was on the ground—a the receiving end of the German bomb-load. In fact, it would probabl cheer quite a number of timid citizens if they realised that, in al probability, the most nervous person during a London night raid is the pilot of the raiding machine himself. Just consider for a moment—if the night is cloudy and the raider is flying above the cloud, he cannot te precisely, within a matter of miles, just exactly where he is. As he approaches the outer defences shells burst up with the most terrifying unexpectedness through the cloud beneath him and where he leas expects them: if he continues right ahead, he might run straight int them, he can never be certain that there is not a break in the clou



Drawing by E. G. Lambert

THE INCREASED EFFECTIVENESS OF LONDON'S DEFENCES CAUSES A CHANGE IN GERMAN TACTICS IN NIGHT RAIDS: THE HEAVIER GERMAN BOMBERS HAVE NOW BEEN REPLACED BY THE FAST FIGHTER-BOMBERS

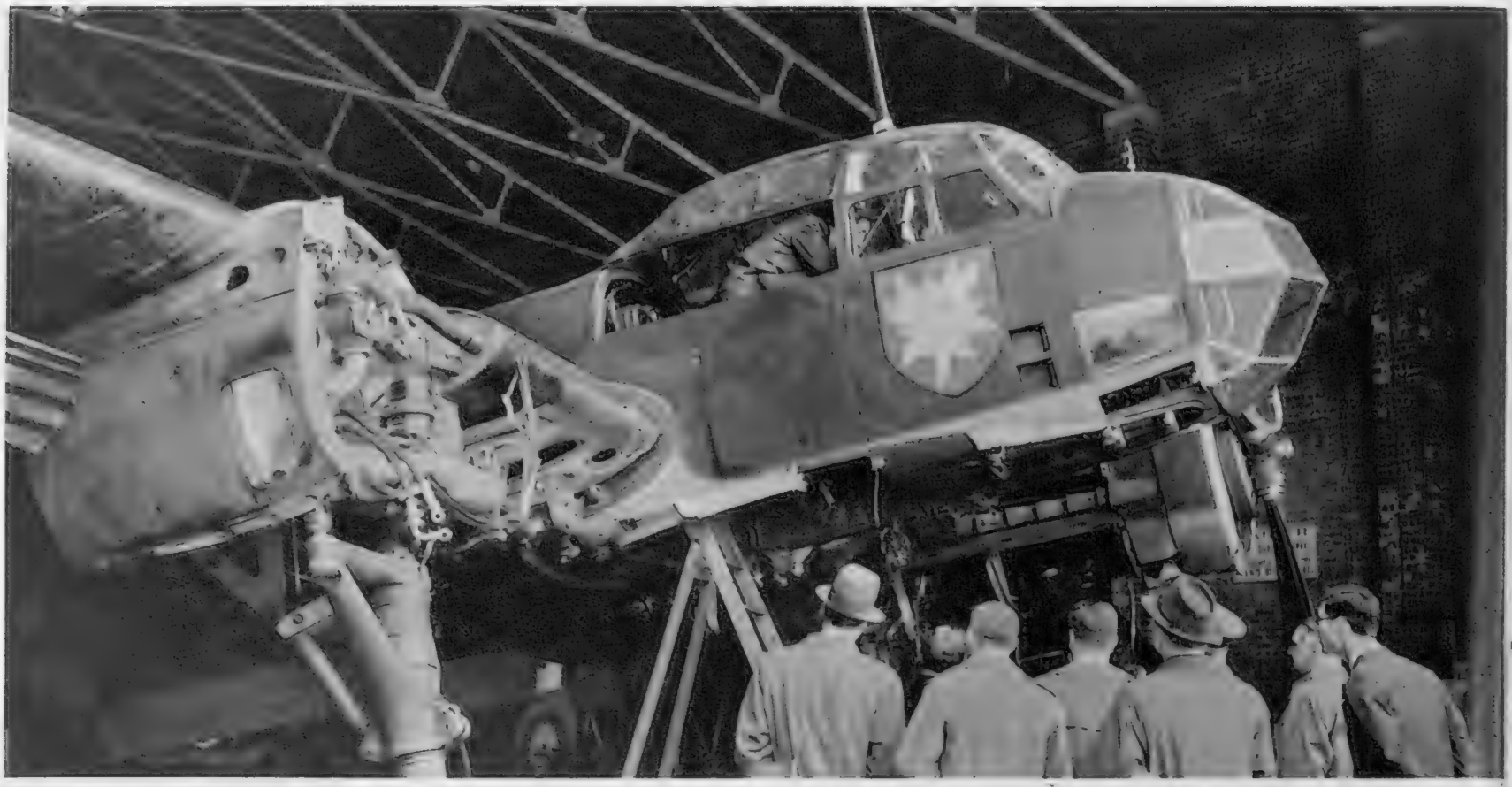
It is said that every method of attack soon finds its counter. This is certainly true of the air raids on London. Many new plans are now maturing, which, in the opinion of the experts, may soon put a stop to London night raids entirely; but in the meantime the various defence measures already in operation have forced the Germans to alter their original plan of attack. In the beginning, heavy night bombers came over the Capital and cruised about for long periods at a time, with little or no opposition. But soon came the barrage, and it grew stronger each night; then came the predictors, new guns, heavier shells, "mystery" shells, fighter-defenders, heavier searchlight concentrations on occasion which resemble a veritable wall of light, and other devices many of which are still secret and all of which are becoming more formidable. The result is that the enemy have had to alter their form of attack: no longer are they able to dictate what form the aerial onslaught will take. The Germans began with heavy bombers, with a large load and a capacity to cruise over London for some time; now, however, the majority of the aeroplanes which are able to penetrate the inner defences are high-flying, very fast, fighter-bombers. The capacity of these planes is not high—for the most part they carry incendiary bombs only. As they cross London they have no time to loiter; they dash across at top speed, and then head for home. The heavier bombs, carried by the real bombers, are mostly jettisoned as quickly as possible on the outlying suburbs—these aircraft fly so slowly by comparison with the fighter-bombers that, were they to delay too long, the predictors and the barrage would pick them up. The whole problem of night bombing is changing fast; and during the course of the next few weeks, we shall, in all probability, witness some very startling changes and a greatly reduced amount of night bombing

Drawings by Roland Davies

AIRCRAFT SHELL BURSTS SUDDENLY IN THE ENEMY'S PATH THE PILOT AND CREW!

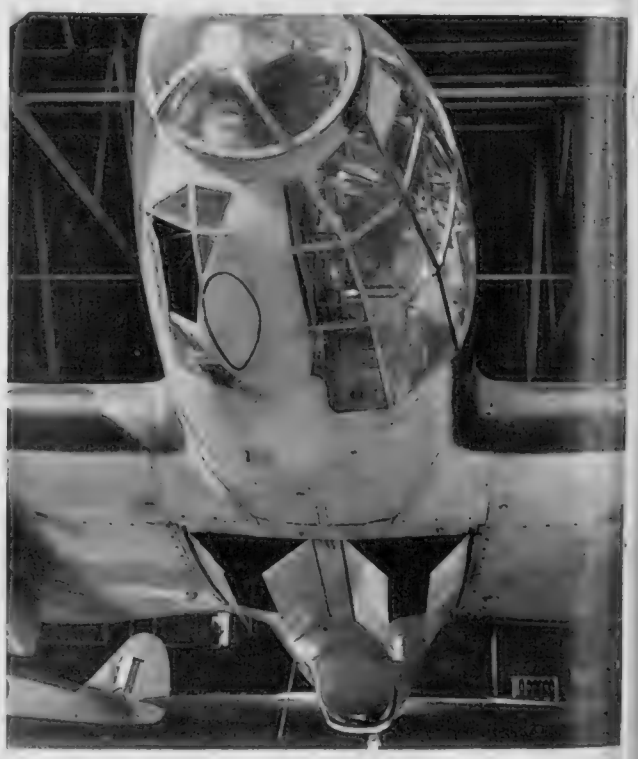
belt through which the searchlights can reach him, and he is ignorant of the whereabouts of our own cruising fighter-defenders. All sorts of odd shells, details of which are still secret, are groping for him, throwing his aircraft about in the most alarming fashion; he knows that the predictor is hard at work telling the gunners where he will be at a given moment; and he is alone, and a long way from home. No wonder the pilot is anxious to dispose of his bomb-load and hare back to the safety of France; and no wonder that the fighter machines which still manage to cross London do so at top speed, instead of dawdling in leisurely fashion as the slower bombers did when they began their opening (and comparatively unopposed) attacks on London

A RUDE AWAKENING: FLYING ABOVE THE CLOUD, THE GERMAN PILOT FINDS HIMSELF HEADING STRAIGHT FOR THE BARRAGE—AND ALSO FOR THE BLINDING SEARCHLIGHT BEAMS WHICH HAVE MANAGED TO LOCATE, AND PENETRATE THROUGH, A HOLE IN THE SKY

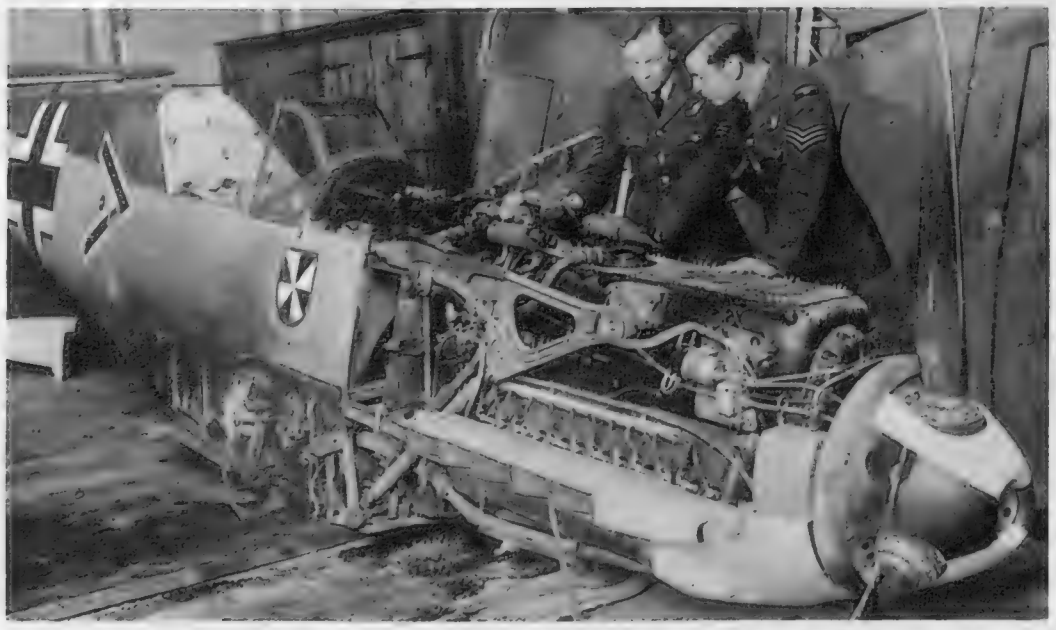


A JUNKERS 88 DIVE-BOMBER WHOSE SECRETS ARE NOW ALL KNOWN: This twin-engined high-performance bomber is the pride of the *Luftwaffe*. Before and during the war very little precise information was known concerning this type. Now the R.A.F. know *all* about it as it has been subjected to all sorts of tests since practically undamaged specimens have come into our hands; many of Germany's machines have been brought into flying condition and actually flown by the R.A.F.

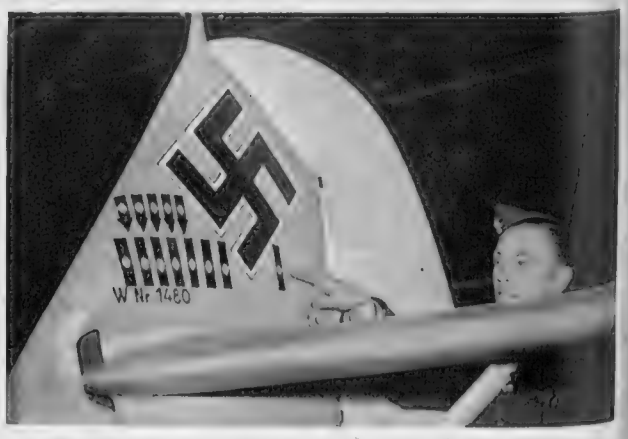
A HEINKEL III BOMBER, OF THE TYPE USED FOR NIGHT RAIDS ON LONDON, SHOWING ITS GLASS NOSE AND THE OPEN FLAPS OF THE BOMB COMPARTMENT BELOW THE FUSELAGE: Many of the Nazi machines shot down in Britain have crashed and yet remained in fair condition. At one factory under the control of the Minister of Aircraft Production there are no fewer than five types on view; their secrets have now been fully revealed to our experts. Painted with R.A.F. markings, they have been subjected to flying tests over this country, and have been flown for hundreds of miles



THE NOSE OF THE HEINKEL III: Showing the glass cabin in which bomb-aimer and gunner sit. The bomb compartment flaps are here seen open. According to British standards the detail work seems to be very flimsy; and there is not the heavily armoured protection for the crew that British types possess. The structural strength of German aircraft has, in fact, never been so good as our own types



THE ENGINE OF A CRASHED MESSERSCHMITT 109; THIS IS STILL IN PERFECT CONDITION: This single-seat fighter monoplane is Germany's equivalent to our own Hurricane or Spitfire fighter; it has figured largely in the battles over Britain, and numbers of them have been brought down. Here is a view of the 1,150 h.p. Daimler-Benz engine mounted, in usual aircraft fashion, in front of the pilot; two of the machine-guns (there are four all told, together with a cannon-gun firing through the airscrew hub) are mounted above the engine. The two sergeants are studying these in the picture above. The effectiveness of German engines is hampered by the fact that the enemy is using petrol of 87 octane as against our own 100 octane: this militates against performance—especially at the take-off

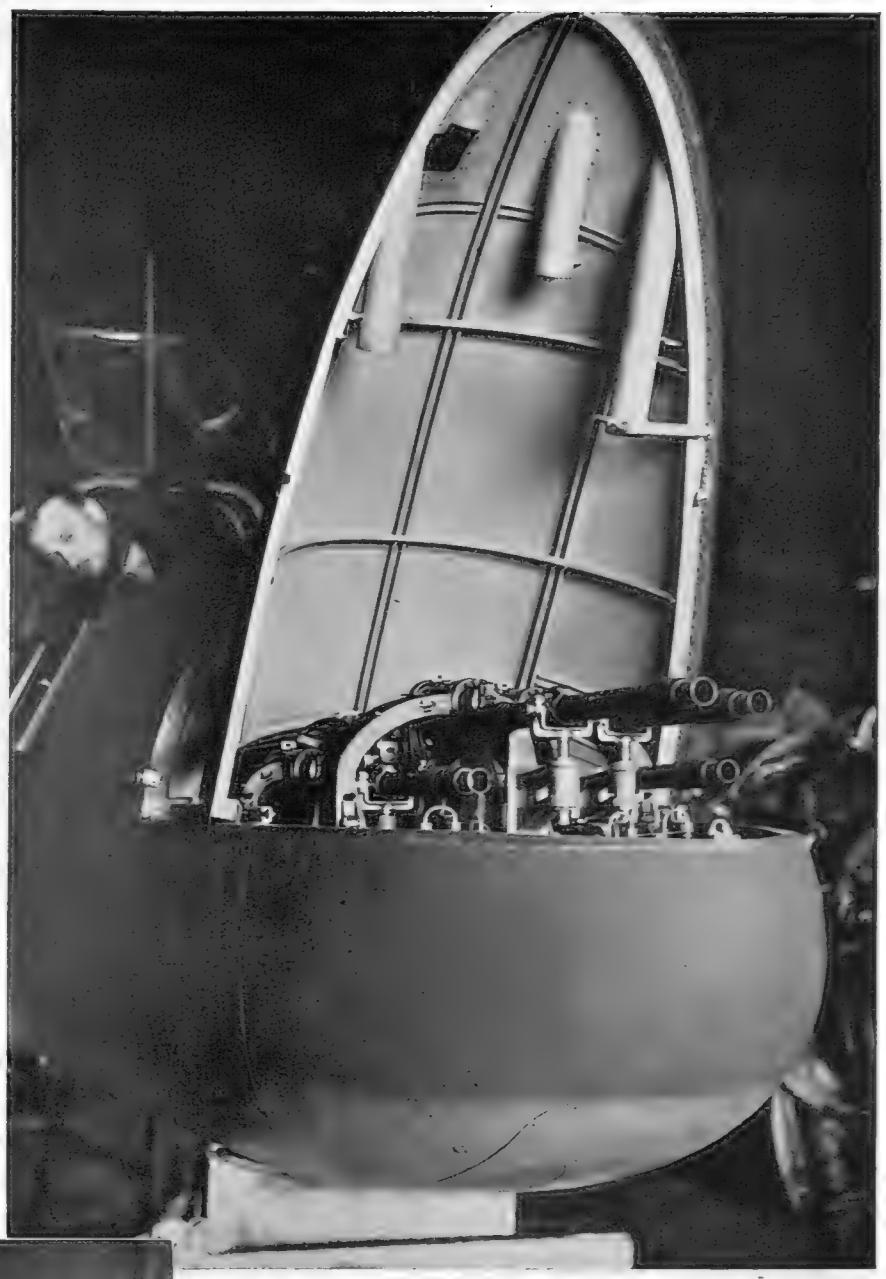


HOW THE GERMANS RECORD THEIR "SUCCESSES": On the tail of this Messerschmitt 109 the pilot has indicated that he claims thirteen victories—although over what period is not stated, nor over what nationalities. These victories *may* go back to the Spanish civil war—over the Russians!

GERMAN AIRCRAFT SECRETS

Revealed by Tests of Five Different Types Brought Down in Britain and now Flown by the R.A.F.

EQUIPMENT DISCOVERED IN A HEINKEL BOMBER: This radio transmitting set is intended for use either with the umbrella-skeleton aerial or with the kite arrangement seen on the right. The transmitter is sometimes used by Nazi airmen after they have been forced to take to their rubber dinghies at sea. This and many other secrets have now been fully revealed to the R.A.F. technical staff



THE FOUR MACHINE-GUNS OF THE MESSERSCHMITT 110 BENEATH THE OPEN COWLING OF THE NOSE: Unlike the 109, this later-type aircraft has two motors, with the fuselage between: this allows of the four-gun mounting seen above in the body of the aeroplane in front of the pilot. The four machine-guns fire through the tubes seen on the underside of the cowling

A SELF-SEALING PETROL TANK FROM A GERMAN AEROPLANE: The problem of protecting the vital petrol tank against the enemy's bullets was solved quite early in the war—by both contestants. When a bullet enters the tank it makes quite a small hole at its point of entry, but tears a big gash at its point of exit. To overcome this, a substance of raw rubber is used: after the bullet has penetrated the metal tank, the rubber comes into contact with the escaping petrol and causes it to swell up, thus automatically sealing the bullet holes. By this means the pilot is still able to reach home, where otherwise he would have to make a forced landing owing to loss of petrol. The size of this tank may come as a surprise to many; it is obviously housed in the fuselage, as very few wings could accommodate so huge an object

A CANNON-GUN FROM A MESSERSCHMITT 110: Two of these are carried in this latest and most up-to-date German fighter. This is a type of gun on which the Germans have placed very great reliance; we may be sure that it has now been fully tested by the R.A.F.—they certainly have plenty of this type with which to experiment now! In our own aircraft we have concentrated on the eight machine-gun arrangement; the concentrated fire power of these is stated to be enormous

THE COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF VISITS THE NORTHERN COMMAND: General Sir Alan Brooke, C.-in-C. Home Forces, has just been on a visit of inspection to the Northern Command where he witnessed a battle between two Brigades of the 1st Corps. Here he is seen (on left) with Lieut.-General Sir Ronald Adam, the Northern Commander, at an alfresco luncheon during his tour. It will be remembered that Sir Alan Brooke received his present appointment after his brilliant work with the B.E.F. in France. His Army career has been a distinguished one—he has been successively Inspector of Royal Artillery, Director of Military Training at the War Office, Commander of the Mobile Division, and Commander of the Anti-Aircraft Command

THE ARMY IN THE FIEL

Recent Pictures of the Training of the Men Who Will Resist any Attempt at Invasion

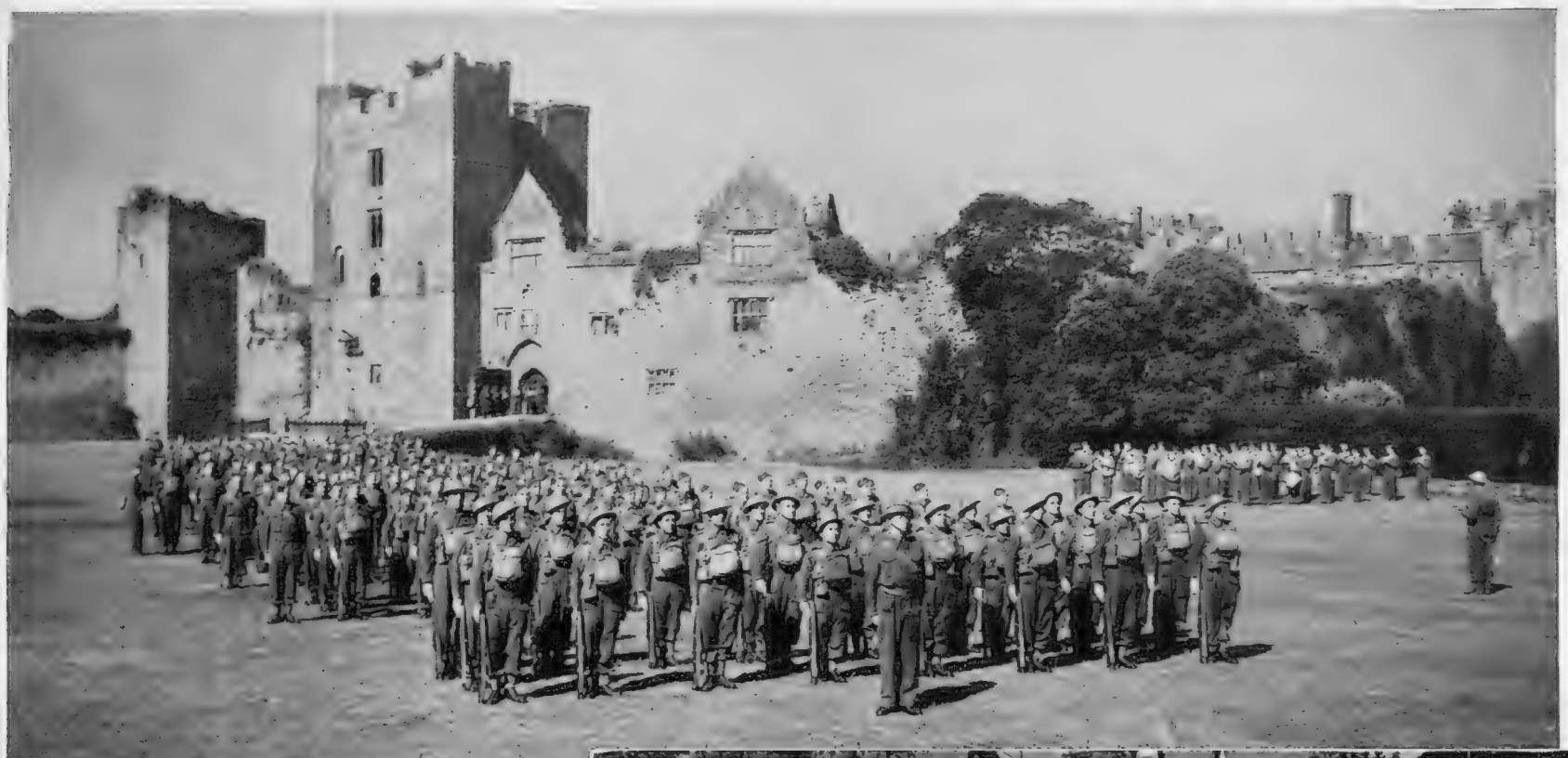
ANTI-INVASION TACTICS IN THE NORTH: At a Military Science Coll in the North, Canadian, New Zealand and Australian troops—toget with British officers and N.C.O.s—are now undergoing a course anti-invasion tactics. This course includes the handling of mo cycles, heavy lorries and guns, and also running repairs. This pic shows how the students at the school are taught to dispense v bridges; the lorry is towing a gun and limber through a ford

WHILST WAITING FOR THE GERMAN INVASION, THE ROYAL ENGINEERS CARRY OUT PRACTICE IN BRIDGING EXERCISES

Royal Engineers of the Southern Command have recently been engaged in the bridging exercises for which this Regiment is so famous. Their first pontoon was slung across a river 160 ft. wide; during these activities they wear life-belts, whilst those responsible for the sinking of the structure into the river bed have to wade out waist deep into the stream. When completed, the bridge was tested by a convoy of army lorries as show above, and the troops had the satisfaction of seeing their efforts crowned with succes The picture inset above shows one of the initial stages in construction—the carrying one of the first pontoons to the river's edge

Above—**A REMOUNT SQUADRON IN TRAINING:** Although the modern army is mainly mechanical, horses still play a part in the prosecution of present-day warfare. This picture was taken at a Northern training depot

On right—**OUT WITH THE AUSTRALIANS:** Marching through an old-world English village in the South, the troops are supplied with apples from the orchards by the village children



THE OLD AND THE NEW IN DEFENCE: The ancient defences of England are once again the scene of warlike activities. Old castles all over the country are being turned into camps and used as training grounds for the soldiers of to-day. Here, modern methods of warfare are being taught, where centuries ago soldiers of another age were also taught to fight for freedom. This picture shows a battalion on parade before the moated walls of an ancient castle: note the regimental band drawn up on the right

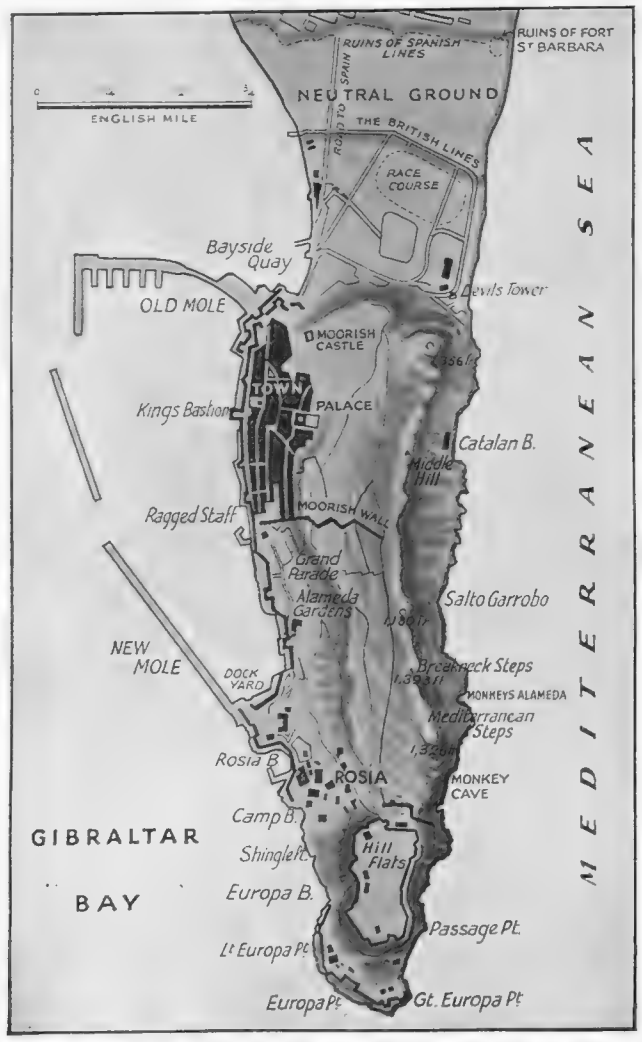
THE ROYAL SCOTS FUSILIERS TRAIN WITH THE MOST MODERN EQUIPMENT

PIPERS OF THE R.S.F. PLAY THE MEN ALONG THE ROAD DURING THE COURSE OF A ROUTE MARCH: These two pictures show men of the Royal Scots Fusiliers in training—with the most modern and up-to-date weapons of to-day, the Bren gun and the "Tommy" gun. With these, even a small squad of soldiers becomes a dangerous and powerful opposition—on the strength of its hard-hitting arms alone. Unlike the days following the evacuation of Dunkirk, the British Army is now fully equipped in almost every particular; it is ready to put up the most damaging resistance to invasion from the sea or air

THE ROCK of GIBRALTAR

A description of the famous Gebel Tarik captured by the Berbers in 711; taken from the Moors by the Spaniards in 1309; regained by the Moors in 1333; again captured by the Spaniards in 1462. Taken by Sir George Rooke during the war of the Spanish Succession, 1704; besieged by French and Spanish troops in 1705, by the Spanish in 1727; the Treaties of Utrecht and Seville (1729) confirmed the British possession; again besieged from August, 1779, to February, 1783, but again with no success

IN ONE OF THE OLD BATTERIES AT THE SOUTHERN END OF THE ROCK: Several massive old pieces may be seen at various points on the Rock, recalling periods in the past when the garrison had to be ready to repel attacks



THE 2¾-MILE-LONG ROCK PENINSULA WHICH FORMS THE FORTRESS OF GIBRALTAR: This historic point at the entrance to the Mediterranean is only three-quarters of a mile in width; but it rises to 1,393 ft. at one point, and is riddled with galleries which conceal batteries of unknown strength. The large view on this page is taken from a position above Europa Point and the Hill Flats

AN ARTIST'S IMPRESSION OF GIBRALTAR FROM THE AIR LOOKIN

The above drawing of the famous Rock has been made by an artist from an elevated point in order to show the land approaches over which any advancing enemy forces would have to come for an attack on the Rock itself. The approach from the North would at first be through hilly country, running down on to flat land until the line of La Rocque and Algeciras is reached. Nearer still to the Rock lies the

IS Gibraltar impregnable? This is a question many are asking in view of a possible Spanish threat backed by both Germany and Italy. We know the Spaniards have heavy guns at Algeciras on the other side of the Bay of Gibraltar and also at Ceuta in Spanish Morocco which lies some 14 miles away across the strait on the African coast.

Fourteen times in its recorded history has Gibraltar been besieged and it has changed hands many times. Since it fell into British hands in 1704, it has so far proved invincible. The great attack upon the fortress in 1779, when the Rock was under siege for just over three-and-a-half years, showed the tremendous strength of its defences. Indeed, we have looked upon the Rock of Gibraltar as the greatest natural fortress in the Empire, if not in the world. We know, too, that its military house was put in order during the Ironside regime.

Gibraltar consists of a huge towering mass of limestone rock, somewhat resembling in shape a crouching lion. This rock forms a peninsula 2¾ miles long, less than 1 mile in breadth, and nearly 1,400 ft. high at its greatest elevation, near the Southern extremity of Spain, with which it is connected by a low, sandy isthmus. Were it not for the isthmus, Gibraltar would be an island. Part of the isthmus is British. The remainder of the isthmus, for it is 1,500 yards long, is "neutral ground," neither British nor Spanish. Both countries often use it for exercising troops. At its Northern boundary where it joins the mainland is the Spanish town of La Linea.

The Rock dominates both sea and land, as if challenging attack from either. Its Northern face, which looks across the isthmus towards Spain, rises almost vertically to a height of 1,393 ft. From this point the narrow ridge of rock which forms the backbone of the peninsula runs almost due South, rising and sinking to form two other well-defined peaks—the Upper Signal Station (Lloyd's signal station stood here until 1922), which is 1,294 ft. high, and Sugar Loaf Hill, which rises to 1,361 ft. Southward of the latter point the Rock declines gradually to Europa Point, where is stationed the lighthouse. The town and harbour lie on the Western side of the Rock.

LOOKING NORTHWARDS TO THE SPANISH MAINLAND

small Spanish town of La Linea bordering on the level stretch of neutral ground and the line of iron railings which in peace-time mark the actual gateway to Gibraltar territory. The naval harbour lies to the West, and on the Eastern face steep unscaleable cliffs, along which there is no safe road, rise abruptly from the Mediterranean

For centuries Gibraltar was regarded by the races inhabiting the neighbouring shores as the edge of the world. Together with the promontory of Apes Hill at Ceuta, it formed the renowned Pillars of Hercules, beyond which no sailor, however bold, dared steer his ship.

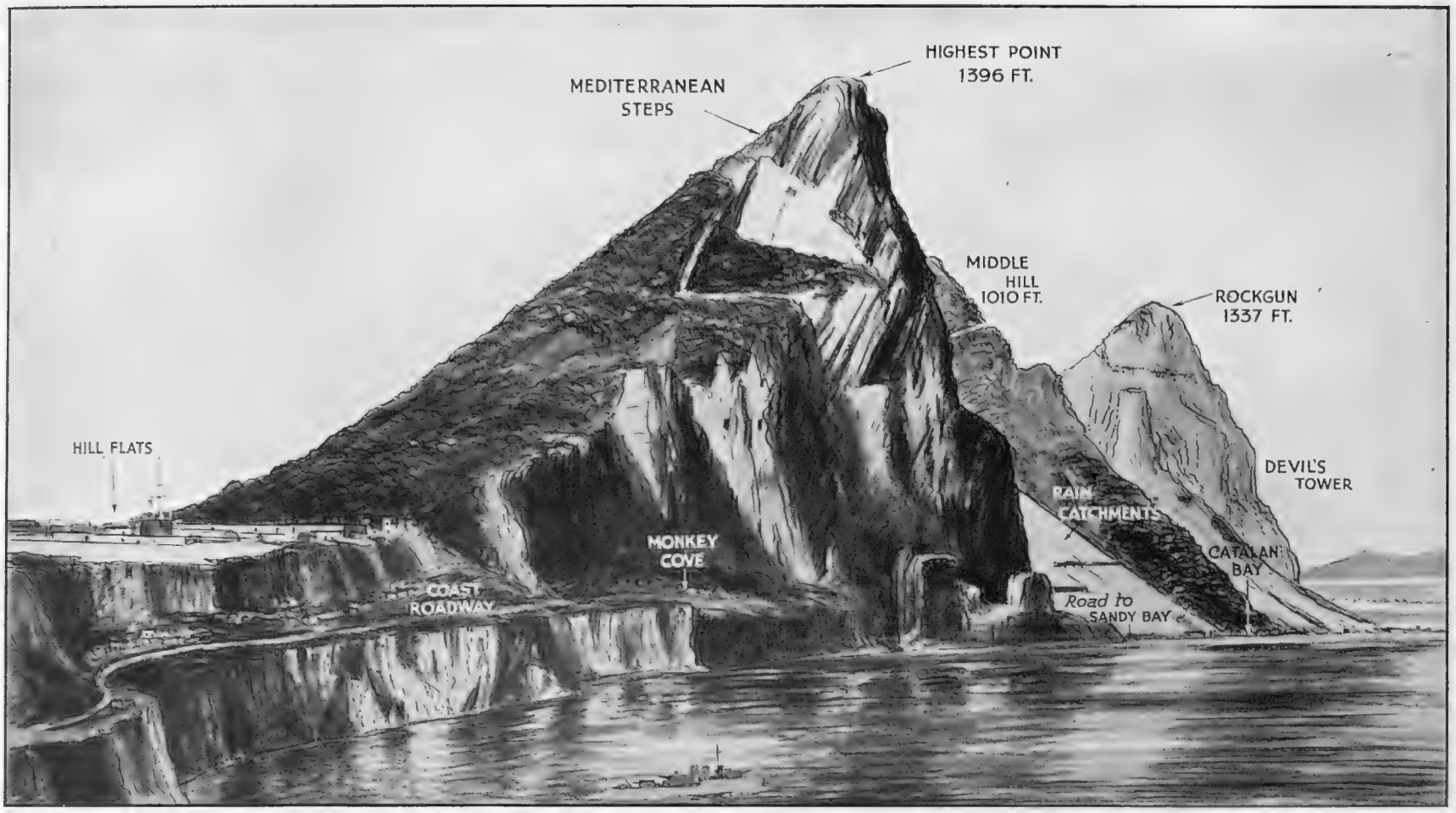
It was not until the eighth century that the Moors discovered its strategic importance, a fact which until then seems to have escaped the notice of the rest of Europe. Crossing from Africa to Spain and taking advantage of its unrivalled defensive qualities, they converted it into a fortress which took thirty-one years to complete. The keep, a massive square tower, still stands as a witness to the long period of Moorish occupation.

After being in Moorish hands for 598 years the Rock was captured, after a fierce struggle, by a Spanish force under Ferdinand IV of Castile. Thereafter Gibraltar became a fighting ground between Moor and Spaniard. Ten times it was besieged, the Cross replacing the Crescent and the Crescent the Cross with almost monotonous regularity until 1462 when the Moors were finally driven out of Europe.

Some seventy-eight years later Gibraltar was sacked, but not occupied, by a fleet of Barbary corsairs under Hali Hamat. Spain then fortified all points of vantage on or near the Rock. It must, therefore, have been a stunning surprise to all Europe when, on July 24, 1704, the reputedly impregnable fortress surrendered to Admiral Sir George Rooke, with a mixed English and Dutch squadron, after a siege lasting only three days. Rooke had been sent to capture Barcelona and having failed to do so and not wishing to return empty-handed took Gibraltar instead. A counter-attack was expected and it took place in the autumn of the same year when the British garrison of 3,000 was besieged by 17,000 Spanish and French troops. After

(Continued on following page)

GIBRALTAR'S TOWERING MASS HAS MANY NATURAL BASTIONS, ESPECIALLY ON ITS EASTERN FRONT: The sloping form of the limestone mass produces a seemingly impregnable rock face towards the East. There is one section where no road is possible, so steep and difficult is the rock face



HOW THE EAST FACE EMPHASISES THE ABRUPT UPRUSH OF THIS LIMESTONE MASS: From this South-East view-point the two main heights stand out with full vigour, like a strange monster. They are the highest points of two main masses, connected by a long rock wall beneath which are the rain catchments, a sloping area designed to provide water for Gibraltar

THE NAVAL AIR PATROL WHICH WATCHES THE WATERS AROUND GIBRALTAR: Below the seaplane a flotilla is streaking away towards the naval harbour on the farther side of the rock, which descends in two main steps to Europa Point

six months the assailants raised the siege. They had lost 10,000 men to the garrison's 400. In 1713 Spain formally ceded Gibraltar to Great Britain by the Treaty of Utrecht.

When Britain was occupied with the American War of Independence and her fleet and army were far away, Spanish and French forces suddenly descended upon Gibraltar and settled down to a steady, heart-breaking blockade. It was Gibraltar's greatest siege and it lasted three years, seven months and twelve days. As month succeeded month, the situation in the little town at the base of the Rock grew more and more desperate.

Food became so scarce that fowls were sold at 2 guineas each and mutton cost 4s. per pound, an incredible price considering the value of money in those days. Roots, weeds and thistles were grubbed up greedily from the earth and used as food. And for some weeks the Governor of the fort, General Sir George Eliott, lived on 4 ozs. of rice a day, so that it should not be said that he had plenty to eat while his people starved. A dreadful outbreak of scurvy followed and only the almost miraculous capture of a Dutch ship laden with lemons and oranges enabled the garrison to hold out.

THE NORTH FACE OF GIBRALTAR ROCK, EMBRASURES KNOWN AS "THE From the North, a perpendicular from a sloping base. This is pierced

THE ROCK AS SEEN FROM SPANISH TERRITORY TO THE NORTH-WEST: Dotted among the trees in the middle distance is the town of La Linea which supplies Gibraltar with all kinds of vegetables, poultry and meat. During the recent civil war in Spain, many of its inhabitants fled into Gibraltar territory for safety. In peace-time numbers of its inhabitants go daily into Gibraltar to work

At first the enemy contented themselves with their blockade and the building of siege works, but later, when a relief squadron under Admiral Derby managed to break through the lines and carry food and ammunition to the starving garrison, they opened fire and began a heavy bombardment. Day after day and night after night the men and women of Gibraltar listened fearfully to the sound of shells bursting on the stone-work of the fortress and to the dull boom of guns at sea. Sometimes the very houses seemed to be falling about their ears, and they rushed in terror to the nearest shelter.

Failing to reduce the garrison by starvation and by bombardment a new weapon was tried. This consisted of a fleet of floating batteries designed by a French engineer and held to be proof against shot. In broad daylight, and only half a gunshot from the walls, they took up their position and began to bombard the Rock. The shot from the garrison could not find a vulnerable spot in the thick wooden armour which protected them. Volley after volley rolled harmlessly off the sloping sides and fell with a splash into the sea. The position looked desperate when an idea occurred to the commander. He changed the solid shot to red-hot shells which completely altered the situation. One by one the "invincible" ships caught fire and went up in flames and the besiegers were forced to retire—beaten. Never since that time has Gibraltar suffered any serious attack from countries desirous of wrenching it from Great Britain.

It was during this long siege that the wonderful galleries, for which Gibraltar is famous, were commenced. These galleries are one of the sights of the Rock and one of the

THE ROCK OF GIBRALTAR

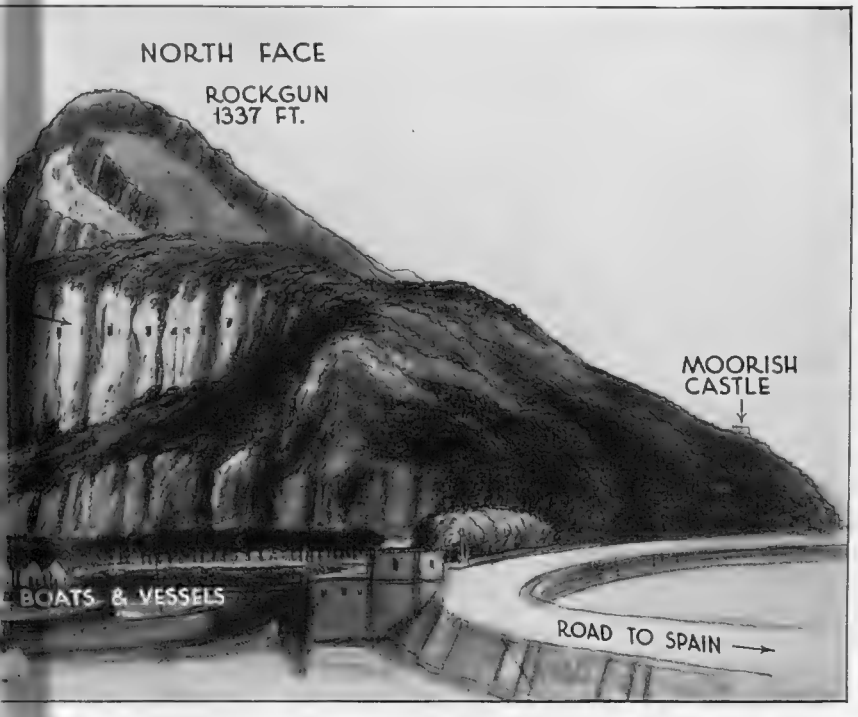
(Continued from preceding pages)

engineering wonders of the world. Huge tunnels were hewn out of the solid limestone, occasional chambers being formed with gun embrasures pointing towards Spain, the Bay of Gibraltar, and across the straits to the African coast. Only the lower gallery is shown to visitors, the position of the modern guns and batteries being a jealously guarded secret.

Another engineering wonder is the water supply. Gibraltar has an area of only 1¾ square miles, but it has a total population in normal times of about 20,000, including a garrison of approximately 3,000 troops. There are no fresh-water springs, and brackish water only is drawn from the wells near the sea. The fresh-water supplies are obtained from the rain which falls during the winter months. On the Eastern side of the Rock there exists an immense sandy slope and this slope is covered with corrugated iron and cement over an area of 38½ acres. The rain which falls on this collecting area runs off through channels cut in the rock to huge reservoirs excavated in the heart of the limestone itself, some quarter of a mile from the light of day. These channels are capable of storing 9,000,000 gallons of water. One inch of rain falling on the catchment area will collect 600,000 gallons of water. It is said to be equal to the purest drinking water in the world.

A MODERN CORNER OF GIBRALTAR: Pine trees are very numerous on the Western front of Gibraltar and afford shade to the houses and gardens which cling to the rock slopes of Alameda and other residential spots

THE TREE-LINED MAIN ROAD LEADING NORTHWARDS TO SPAIN: In the centre of the view is the fine rebuilt road leading Northwards to the neutral ground and frontier gates. Beyond on the left is the Spanish town of La Linea



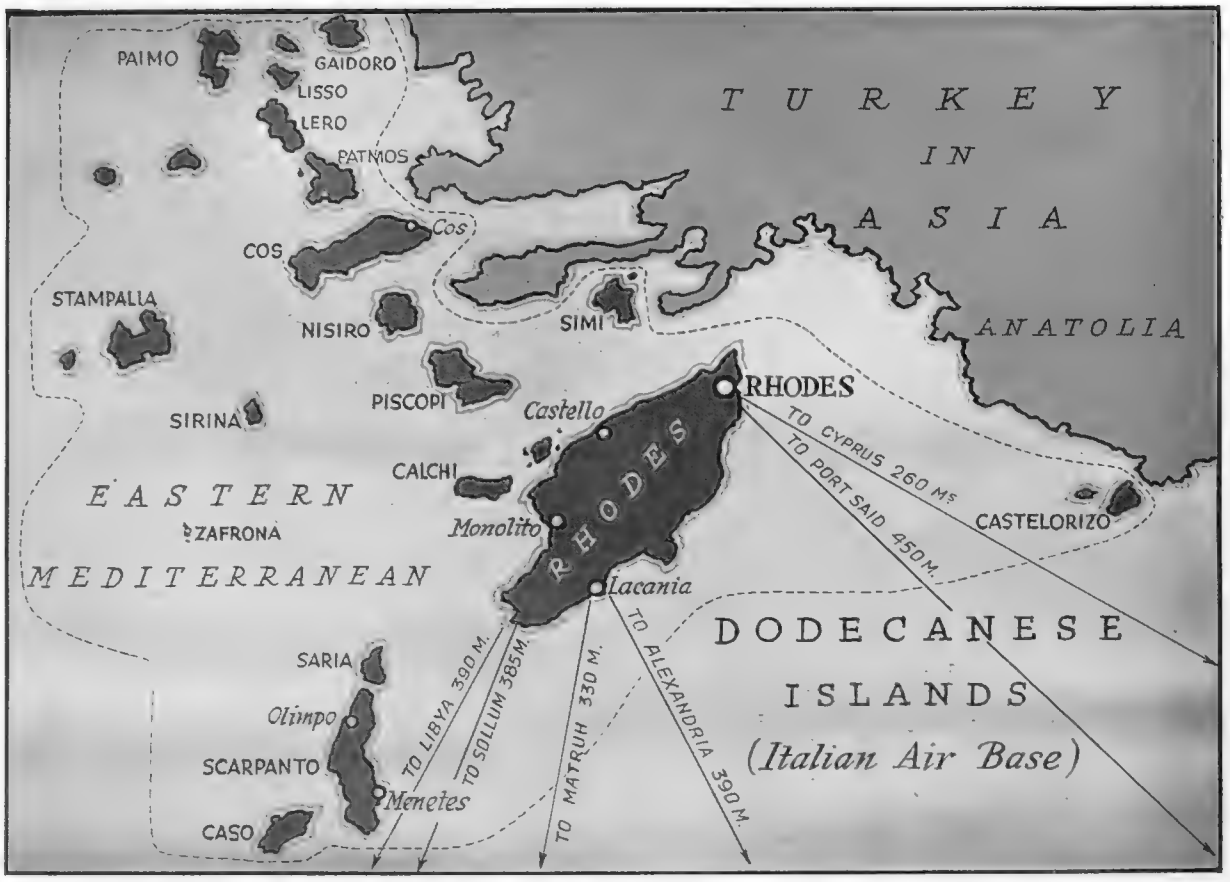
SHOWING THE "OLD LADY'S TEETH": The rock face springs up by a number of openings connected with the inner galleries for which the Rock is famous. Within these galleries are a mass of concealed gun positions known only to the garrison. Below is part of the quay and beach on which local craft are drawn up

AN INDICATION OF SOLID BRITISH STRENGTH—GIBRALTAR POLICE AT THE GATES: One striking point in connection with Gibraltar is its police force, the members of which wear exactly the same uniform as London policemen. The impression of impassive law and order is very remarkable. Beyond the gate are the Spanish guard

The town, straddling the lower slopes of the Rock, consists of one long winding thoroughfare with ramps and narrow alleyways leading off from it. Some of the streets have queer names reminiscent of more stirring times—Devil's Gap Steps, Bedlam Court, Horse Barrack Lane, Bomb House Lane, Paradise Ramp are a few. The "ramps" themselves are interesting streets of steps providing access from one level to another. The town boasts a fine old cathedral, a museum, a recent attraction being a magnificent masonry arch commemorating the United States' many activities in Gibraltar waters during the World War of 1917–18.

Just outside the Southport Gate, the Southern limit of the town itself, is Trafalgar Cemetery, where lie buried the heroes of Nelson's famous battle fought near by. It is well kept and the graves are covered in a riot of flowers all the year round. It is not generally known that Nelson's body was landed in the dockyard at Gibraltar and pickled in rum before being sent back for a hero's funeral.

THE COMPARATIVELY UNIMPRESSIVE WESTERN FACE OF THE ROCK: Viewed from the West, Gibraltar presents its least impressive aspect. A long wooded ridge, with the Southern peak standing out bare and grey, is all that one notices. But below are the naval harbour and the ships. The town lies slightly to the left of the centre of this view



THE ISLANDS WHICH ITALY HAS TRANSFORMED INTO AN AIRCRAFT BASE IN THE EASTERN MEDITERRANEAN

THE "NUISANCE VALUE" OF THE DODECANESE

Italy's Island Possessions off the Turkish Mainland

AT the end of the Great War Italy put forth strenuous efforts to obtain Syria, for which she had little claim, but was forestalled by France who received a mandate over Syria. Instead, Italy was granted in 1923, at the Lausanne Treaty, the Dodecanese, a group of islands in the Ægean Sea, which includes the historic Island of Rhodes. Ever since she obtained authority over these islands Italy has been busy making them into fortresses of great strength. It was rumoured that underground aerodromes had been constructed, invulnerable to any enemy attack.

When war broke out on June 10, the islands were placed in a difficult position, being distant from Italy and within range of the British Fleet, which could render the coming of supplies a dangerous and difficult business. The islanders were forbidden to leave for the mainland; even the fishing boats were not allowed to be used, being carried up into the hills, under the growing fear of the Italian rulers that their defence secrets might be betrayed.

The British Navy made a surprise attack upon the islands on September 5, after their cruise along the whole length of the Mediterranean, when they had not sighted a single Italian ship. Bombers of the Fleet Air Arm dived upon the aerodromes of Moritza and Calato on Rhodes, scoring direct hits. It is said that as many as twenty planes were damaged on the ground of the aerodrome of Moritza, where the Italians were unprepared for the attack.

Scarpanto, an island to the south-west of Rhodes, was bombed by the Australian cruiser *Sydney* and her sister ship, the *Orion*, accompanied by two destroyers. Here again the enemy was surprised, the cruisers having the satisfaction of shelling the fortified island before the shore batteries had woken up enough to reply. Italian bombers followed the Fleet an hour or so later but their attacking success was not great, no hit being scored. Five motor torpedo-boats rushed out of Pegadia Harbour to the attack, but two were sunk by H.M.S. *Ilex*, and another damaged, a result which caused the remaining two to hasten back.

Since this first attack on the Dodecanese Islands, further air raids have been carried out. Altogether the Dodecanese Islands have now realised that they are fully in the war, and are uncomfortably distant, except by air, from the possibility of receiving reinforcements.

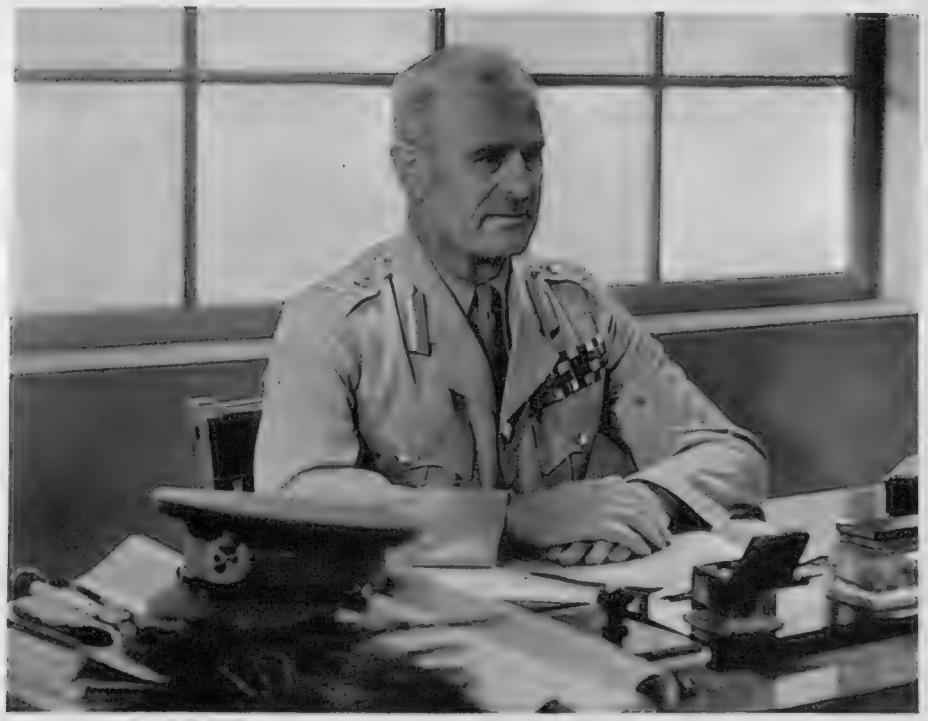
A GENERAL VIEW OF THE OLD TOWN ON THE ISLAND OF RHODES: This island is only 12 miles from the coast of Asia Minor; it has a population of 31,000. Its capital, of the same name, is principally famous for the remains of the Knights Hospitallers of the time of the Crusades. Since its occupation by the Italians, many new buildings and hotels have been erected on the island

THE NEW CITY BUILT SINCE THE ITALIAN OCCUPATION OF RHODES

During the course of her war with Turkey over Tripoli, in April, 1912, Italy occupied the twelve islands of the Dodecanese group; although these lie off the mainland of Turkey in Asia, they are populated by 115,000 Greeks of pure Ionic stock. In 1920 events forced Italy to transfer the islands to Greece, as the result, mainly, of the protests of the inhabitants; but in 1923, at the Lausanne Treaty, Italy was again granted possession of the islands. Since then she is reported to have converted them into a great air base; and the bombings of Haifa recently have been carried out from there. This has not prevented the R.A.F. from bombing the islands at will, however, in return. So far, despite the strategic position of the Dodecanese, the Italians have put them to little use in the campaign against Egypt

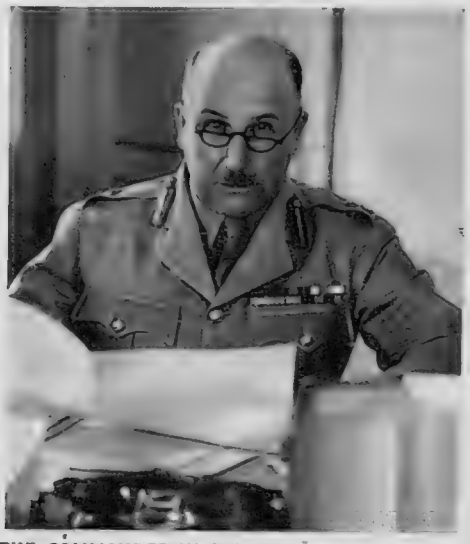
THE GRAND HOTEL AND THE NEW ITALIAN TOWN ON THE ISLAND OF RHODES

BRITISH COMMANDERS IN THE NEAR EAST



THE GENERAL OFFICER COMMANDING-IN-CHIEF IN THE MIDDLE EAST—GENERAL SIR ARCHIBALD WAVELL: The man on whom we are depending for the coming campaign in Egypt has already seen considerable service in the Near East. He was with the Russian Army in the Caucasus in 1916–17, and with the Egyptian Expeditionary Force from 1917 to 1920. Then, in 1937, he was given command of the troops in Palestine and Trans-Jordan until he came back to the Southern Command in 1938. He returned to Egypt, to his present post, last year

THE COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF OF THE MEDITERRANEAN FLEET—ADMIRAL SIR ANDREW CUNNINGHAM: In 1937 Admiral Cunningham was Vice-Admiral Commanding the Battle Cruiser Squadron and Second in Command in the Mediterranean; after an ensuing term as Lord Commissioner of the Admiralty and Deputy Chief of the Naval Staff, he returned to the Mediterranean as Commander-in-Chief in 1939. Admiral Cunningham is fifty-seven years of age; he entered the Royal Navy in 1898. During the last war he was mentioned in dispatches and was awarded the D.S.O., with two bars; after the war he became President of a Sub-Commission of the Naval Inter-Allied Commission of Control. In 1932 he was appointed a Naval A.D.C. to His Majesty the King



THE COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF IN EGYPT—LIEUT.-GENERAL SIR HENRY MAITLAND WILSON: General Wilson took up the Egypt Command in 1939. He saw service in the South African War and also in the Great War. After a period at the Camberley Staff College General Wilson became Commander of the 6th Infantry Brigade in 1934, and Commander of the 2nd Division at Aldershot in 1937

IN THE MIDDLE EAST COMMAND—MAJOR-GENERAL B. C. FREYBERG, V.C.: Retired in 1937, General Freyberg returned to the active list on the outbreak of war. Fifty years of age, he received his V.C. after serving with the famous 29th Division ("The Iron" Division) in the Great War. He was mentioned in dispatches six times, wounded nine times, and was awarded the D.S.O. with two bars

AN AIRCRAFT-CARRIER AND ANOTHER BRITISH WARSHIP SEEN FROM A BATTLESHIP IN THE MEDITERRANEAN: Both the Fleet and the Fleet Air Arm have been very active in the Mediterranean recently. Towards the end of last week the Admiralty announced that the Navy had carried out a sweep lasting three days, during which additional military forces were landed at Malta. "A strong enemy naval force was sighted 100 miles away steaming towards its base at high speed; and it was impossible to bring it to action"

On left—

THE CAPTAIN'S BRIDGE ON A BATTLESHIP OF THE MEDITERRANEAN FLEET AT SEA: The British Navy is still ranging the seas, in its search for the valiant Italian Fleet; and British convoys and supply ships are still making the passage through the *mare nostrum* of Mussolini. These two pictures have just reached us from the Middle East in proof of this. British sailors are seeing quite a lot of the Mediterranean: on the other hand, the only portions of these waters seen by Italian sailors are those within sailing distance of one of their own naval bases!

PILOTS OF THE FIGHTER COMMAND: These are the men who are winning for Britain her supremacy in the air. Many of these gallant youngsters have been going up three and four times a day to beat off the Germans during their tip-and-run raids. The whole world knows now with what success! Very few of these fighter pilots of the R.A.F. are more than twenty-five years of age, some of them are mere boys—but all of them are Knights Valiant

AIR COMMENTARY BY CHARLES G. GREY (Founder of "The Aeroplane")

A ONE-FRONT WAR

Some Plain Speaking Concerning Our Usual Dispersal of Effort; and a Note on the Suggested Separate "Air Blockade Command"

ONE reason why the last war was such an unconscionable time a-dying, like Charles II, was that we wasted man-power, man-hours, and man-energy on side-shows, and by trying diplomatic tricks, instead of concentrating everything on smashing one front. And if we are not careful we shall find ourselves doing the same thing again. History is the greatest plagiarist in all literature. It always cribs its own main themes and merely varies its details. Let us learn from our own mistakes.

Naturally, in the last war as in this we had to protect the Middle East. In those days we had no enemy in the Mediterranean except the feeble Austrian Navy, and German submarines working from Austrian bases in the Adriatic. The Turks had no navy to worry us, and if we had merely held a line east of the Suez Canal to protect our Red Sea traffic we need never have wasted lives on the useless Palestine Campaign. Likewise there was no need to waste lives in Mesopotamia. We could have stopped the German *Drangnach Osten* with little cost at the head of the Persian Gulf.

If we had stuck to the country we conquered, and had painted it good British red on the map there might have been some sense in conquering it. Instead of that we handed it over to that futile institution the League of Nations, and eventually gave most of it back to the indigenous inhabitants, who anyhow could not defend it against Turks or Russians.

We wasted tens of thousands more lives in a foolish, and criminally mismanaged, Balkan campaign based on that sink of reputations and iniquity, Salonika. And we lost more thousands by disease and enemy action in Tanganyika, the Cameroons, and other odd spots.

The whole lot would have fallen into our hands without a kick if we had concentrated on beating Germany on the west front in France. Incidentally, we should have had enough troops and aircraft to have held a much longer front in France ourselves, and we should not have lost some hundreds of thousands of lives in impossible attacks in Flanders just to keep the Germans nailed to our front so that they should not walk through the demoralised French armies to Paris.

If you do not believe me, read the *Diary of Field-Marshal Sir Henry Wilson*, edited by General Caldwell (published by Cassells) Sir Henry was *liaison* officer with the French General Staff *and* Government for most of the war. Later he was Chief of our Imperial General Staff, was in on all the foolishness at Versailles, and was murdered by Sinn Feiners for trying to save Ireland from its own follies. His exposure of the politicians of 1918–19–20, the "frocks" as he called them, is shattering, and should provide us with useful lessons to-day. For instance, they promised Constantinople to the Russians as the price of helping us.

We cannot well avoid fighting in the Middle East to-day, though what good Egypt and Palestine are to us, now that our Mediterranean trade with France, Italy and the Balkans has gone, is difficult to see. In time of peace the Mediterranean carried only a minute percentage of British trade—4 per cent. or 5 per cent. I believe—and to-day it must be much less. Still, the Suez Canal is worth holding, if only to prevent Italy from reinforcing Abyssinia. Nevertheless it is a side-show and the war will not be won there.

We have had an unfortunate side-show in Norway, from which we were blasted by German bombers because somebody on the Air Staff did not understand the vital importance of fighters, or perhaps because the Air Staff was forced into the adventure by the politicians.

We were likewise bombed out of Belgium. Mr. Duff Cooper has told us most emphatically that we must not say that we were let down by the French, though nobody seems to have told the French not to say that they were let down by the English. (*Ah! Perfide Albion.*) But in Belgium our fighters saved the British Expeditionary Force. Then we sent Mr. Duff Cooper and Lord Gort to North Africa to try to bring French Africa in with us. For very

A MINELAYING PLANE OF THE ROYAL AIR FORCE: FIXING A PARACHUTE MINE ON A HAMPDEN BOMBER

The big Hampden bombers, produced by the famous Handley-Page Company, have been performing a variety of duties since the outbreak of war. One task, which calls for great courage and coolness—as well as navigational accuracy of a high order—is the laying of mines by parachute. One hears much of German ingenuity in such matters; but our own men are just as capable of performing such work, but with less noise and less scrambling after decorations! The aeroplane possesses the very great advantage of being able to lay mines in the most out-of-the-way places, such as the Baltic, where the enemy may have thought at one time that his sea routes were safe. According to the distance to be covered by the aircraft, the Hampden can carry a load of bombs or mines varying from one-and-a-half to three tons

different reasons two men less likely to be well received by the French could hardly have been chosen. We were, at any rate, saved from another side-show.

More lately we have been cheering because an amiable coloured French gentleman somewhere about Lake Tchad has joined us, which gives us an air route free from interruption between the Anglo-Egyptian Sudan and the All-Anglo Nigeria, Sierra Leone, Gold Coast, and so forth. Much obliged to him, I am sure. What his section of the French Army and Air Force may be worth I do not know.

We are also courting the French Gaboons, or Baboons, or whatever they are called, but I cannot see that tactically or strategically they matter even one hoot, let alone two.

Most lately we have had the Dakar affair. Probably some day we shall be allowed to know its history. Remember that those who administer our Information have not yet told us the history of Dunkirk. The nearest thing to it has been *Prelude to Dunkirk*, in the August *Blackwood's*, a story to make one weep with joy, and worthy of the best Kipling.

In the last war when the Germans sent a few divisions to stiffen the Austrians and had pushed the Rumanian Army back over the Carpathians to Bucharest, the King of Rumania, established at Jassy, sent for the General who commanded the left wing Russian Army and congratulated him on his masterly retreat, in which he kept in touch with the Rumanian right, and saved an uncovered flank. Said the Russian, "Yes! Your Majesty. My men retreated well. But they could not compete with the Marathan troops of Your Majesty."

If the Exigencies of Politics demand much more of this tip-and-run business by British Forces, we shall earn the nick-name of the In-and-Outs, much as a certain regiment is called the Fore-and-Afts.

No war has ever been won by back-door campaigns. What we need is concentration on the attack on the main objective. Not murderous hurling of unprotected men with rifles against barbed wire and machine-guns, but concentrated air attack on the enemy's sources of supply — his factories, not his railways or roads or canals.

Dakar's importance is grossly over-rated. A few million Senegalese negro troops might be useful in reconquering France, as the French are accustomed to having coloured folk around. But all the talk about Dakar being a barrier to our South Atlantic traffic is bunkum. We have as good an aerodrome, built by the German *Lufthansa*, at Bathurst on the Gambia, only 250 miles from Dakar, and we have sea bases to spare, besides the best harbour in West Africa at Takoradi.

Our strategy is perfectly simple. Smash the German aircraft factories. Build up an air fighter force big enough to command the air over Denmark, Holland, Belgium, and Northern France. Land our enormous armies. And go ahead.

But to build up that bomber and fighter force we must, as my friend Captain Norman MacMillan has argued in an able article in *Flight*, relieve the strain on our aircraft workers—in other words we must keep up our man-hours. What he calls a Production Blockade on the German factories is the most important operation of the moment; which I have argued here, time and again.

He even advocates the formation of a separate Air Blockade Command in the Royal Air Force, ranking with the Fighter, Bomber, Coastal and Training Commands. That, I feel, would be a mistake. His idea is, evidently, to separate Blockade bombing from the routine jobs of bombing Hamburg Docks, Hamm goods yard, the Dortmund Canal, and from all the anti-invasion "bombargement"—as a facetious fellow called it—of Calais, Boulogne, Cherbourg, Dunkirk and the rest.

But all that is definitely the work of the Bomber Command. One could not separate factory bombing from the other, even from reprisal bombing of Berlin. The most that could be done would be to form a Blockade Bombing Group inside the Bomber Command, and anyone who knows the bombing game, or art, or science, could name the commanding officer who could most properly take on the job.

Certainly some officer of wide experience should be allowed to specialise on Blockade bombing, for it is work which calls for tactics and technique of its own quite distinct from plastering docks and basins and from bombing outstanding edifices in Berlin.

The pictures which our newspapers have been allowed to publish of people sleeping in masses in shelters, and the stories of the heroism of the A.R.P. Services, even the King's generous institution of the George Cross for civilians, all tell the Germans that at any rate their bombs are not missing London and the great industrial centres. That the workers, for all their courage, must be feeling the strain is obvious.

Although, necessarily, the papers cannot say just where the bombs have done real damage—as distinct from smashing churches and objects of artistic or historical value — people from one city tell the people of another city, and the damage done may thus be exaggerated. All of which increases the strain on the workers. So the only sound military and political strategy is to concentrate on a One-Front War — and the German aircraft factories are the only targets.

Either under-rating or over-rating one's enemy is always silly, and the stories we read about the chiefs of the *Luftwaffe* hiding their losses from their own pilots are of the stupidest. We are told that pilots start from one aerodrome and are told to return to another, and that pilots are constantly shifted from one squadron to another, so that no pilot knows what his squadron's losses are.

Nothing could be sounder than telling pilots who start from a station far from England to land at a nearer station to re-fuel and report. And the second station may be only an alternative for bad weather or shortage of fuel. I was staying with some of our night-bombers in Yorkshire recently when all their machines landed next morning on a South Coast aerodrome, because their own stations were under fog.

Equally naturally pilots are shifted from one squadron to another either on promotion, or to stiffen a new squadron, or because the pilot's own squadron has been wiped out and the Staff have to re-form it. Nothing is so disheartening as empty chairs in the Mess. General Trenchard (now Lord Trenchard) in the last war always held by the doctrine of "the full dinner-table." And the *Luftwaffe* system of having many *staffeln*, or squadrons, in a *gruppe*, or wing, and two or three *gruppen* (corresponding to battalions) in a *geschwoder*, or regiment, allows the shifting of pilots from *staffel* to *staffel* without destroying their regimental pride, or *esprit de corps* as we might call it.

THE R.A.F. IN THE MIDDLE EAST CAPTURE AN ITALIAN SAVOIA BOMBER INTACT

This Savoia-Marchetti bomber made a forced landing in the desert 150 miles east of Aden; the crew of five were captured and made prisoner. A short while afterwards a British pilot who had never before flown this type of aircraft took off in it, flying it back to his base for further examination. "Homo Fantastico" was the Italian pilot's tribute when he was told of the feat, carried out from a bumpy desert stretch. Judged by modern standards, the Savoias of Italy are not considered up-to-date aircraft. Their only big successes, so far, have been scored in Spain, where they were able to bomb undefended towns and villages, without opposition and to their hearts' content—a type of "fighting" which seems more satisfactory to Italian pilots than the present tough opposition provided by the R.A.F. Middle East Command

AN R.A.F. VICTOR IN THE MIDDLE EAST: A squadron of the R.A.F. recently joined issue over Libya with an Italian formation of twice their own number. Fifteen of the Italians were destroyed in the engagement. Here is the Squadron Leader of the British formation, who went into action at the head of his men. He himself shot down two of the enemy within a few minutes of the beginning of the fight

THIS IS THE AIR FLAG OF CANADA: Flown for the first time in England a few days ago, when it was hoisted by Air Marshal Bishop, Canada's first Air V.C., at a station in Southern England. The flag resembles that of the R.A.F., except that the Maple Leaf, Emblem of Canada, replaces the familiar red dot on the white background

WHY A "STICK"?

Everybody has heard of a "stick" of bombs, but few people know how the word acquired its meaning. Imagine a stick standing on its tip and allowed to fall in the direction of a target. If well aimed it will fall across the target, the tip short of it, the head beyond it, and the middle on it.

Modern bomb-gear allows the bomber to set the bombs in a stick to drop at intervals of a second, or any number of seconds up to the limit of the gear. Thus the bomber can drop a long stick or a short stick, and the number dropped in a stick may be as many as he pleases.

Thus one sees how a stick differs from a salvo, in which all the bombs are dropped at the same moment and should hit the target in a bunch.

Another explanation of the word "stick" was that it came from the printing trade. In the old days of hand-set type the compositor held in one hand a stick in which a slot was cut the width of a line of type. The compositor picked the type-letters out of their boxes and set them in the stick. When the stick was full he slid the type out of the stick on to the "galley" in a line—not unlike the way in which a stick of bombs fall one by one out of their bomb-racks.

It is a good explanation but not the true one. And I still have to discover who originated the word, and when and where.

JAPAN ATTEMPTS to Outflank the CHINESE DEFENCE

TWO hours before Japan's ultimatum had expired on the night of September 22, Japanese troops began marching into French Indo-China. The French colonial troops having received orders to resist invasion, fought until news reached them of an agreement between Tokyo and the Vichy Government.

The Japanese entered French territory through the mountain passes from Kwangsi Province in China, where for several months past they had fought fiercely against Chinese troops for mastery of the Indo-French borderland. On July 2 last, conquest of the Chinese city of Lungchow gave Japan's army the position it wanted commanding the mountain pass through which a branch of the French railway connects Kwangsi Province with Hanoi. It is said that 30,000 Japanese troops were assembled in Southern Kwangsi.

The French colony has an army of considerable size, largely native but including 10,000 European troops, among them a contingent of the Foreign Legion. The authorities claimed that their army was adequate to resist invasion, but acknowledged that they lacked enough aeroplanes. In view of the fact that Japan's air base on Hainan Island was only four flying hours from Haiphong, the colonials petitioned the Vichy Government for 140 planes but received no reply.

Though the native troops greatly outnumbered the invaders, their calibre as fighting men cannot compare with that of the Japanese. The tropical climate, generations of subjection, and opium, have made the Annamites and Tongkingese an inert people; whereas the reputation of the Japanese as fighters has persisted for centuries in the lands bordering on the Southern Seas.

The Japanese had already gained a foothold in Indo-China last June when the French agreed to prohibit the transit of war materials to China over the railway and allowed Japan the right to send "inspectors" to watch all shipments Northward bound. Between 500 and 600 "inspectors" promptly arrived.

In effect, these few hundred "inspectors" could prevent the Chinese from joining forces with the French Colonial Army. As soon as the Japanese invasion of Indo-China seemed imminent, the Chungking Government had sent 250,000 troops to the Yunnan border with the twofold object of offering aid to the French Colony and also of guarding against Japanese entry into Yunnan. But, since the only communication between Indo-China and Yunnan is the railway guarded by "inspectors" who could at any moment cut the line if the Chinese tried to enter French territory, China's offer of aid must have seemed to the hard-pressed colonial authorities only a tempting mirage.

Yunnan is a high plateau that drops 5,000 ft. in 35 miles to meet the plains of Indo-China. Steep mountain ranges cut through the borderland. Roads have never been built across that formidable barrier, but fifty years ago the French achieved what had seemed impossible by constructing a railway line across deep chasms, through rugged mountains and up the steep, long pull to the Yunnan plateau. By controlling this railway and its branch into Kwangsi Province, Japan completely cuts China off from traffic with Indo-China, and through Indo-China's seaports with the outside world.

Except in one direction: To the West of Indo-China lies Thailand, until recently known as Siam. Fraternal relations between Japan and Thai have matured rapidly in recent years and it is generally believed that Thai's territorial demands on Indo-China are Japanese-inspired. In return for backing Thai's demands, Japan is said to ask only one reward: a naval base at Singora in Thai territory on the Eastern coast of the Malay Peninsula 150 miles north of British Malaya. Whatever may be the outcome of this project, it is apparent that Japan, and not China nor Indo-China, may rely upon Thai as a western wall during any operations in the French colony.

With preparations for the domination of Indo-China so nearly complete even before the fall of France, it is not surprising that the Japanese army's "rush for its objectives" has met with success at such a time as this.

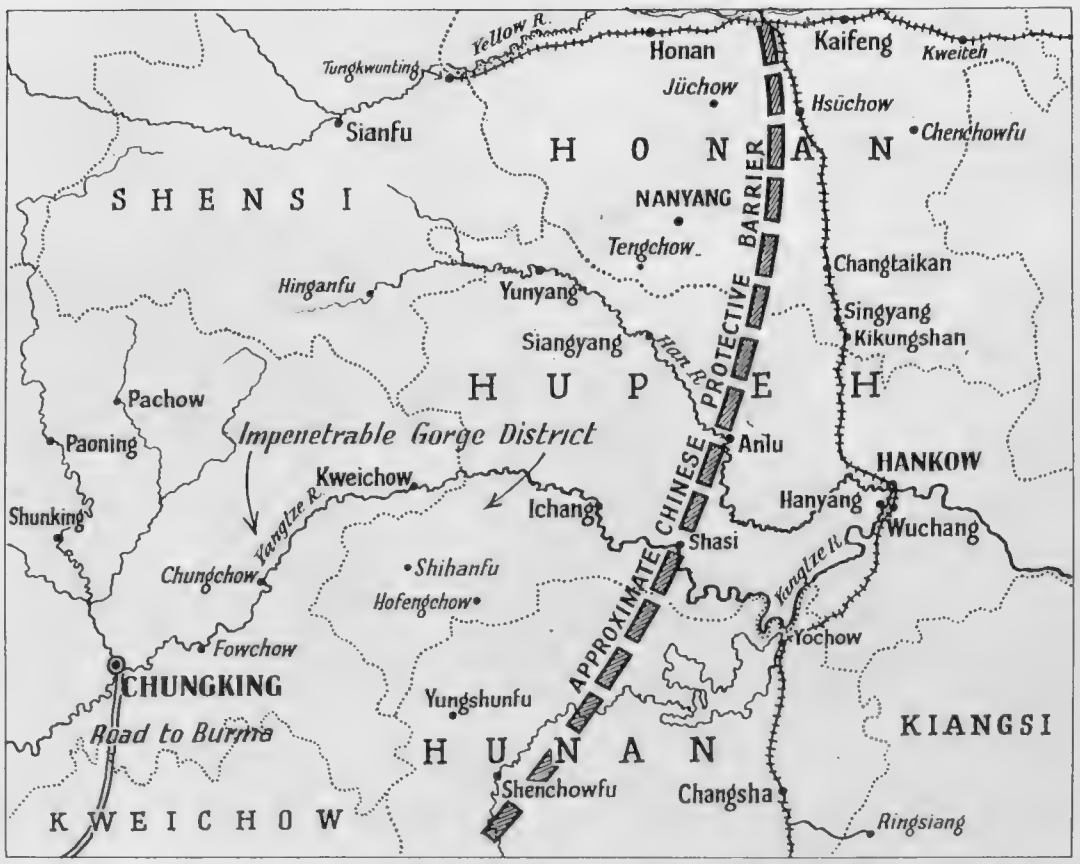
What has Japan gained? Strategically, much. She is to have three air bases in Tongking within reach of Singapore, the Dutch East Indies, and Manila. She is to be allowed thousands of soldiers in Tongking to "supervise" the air bases, and more troops at the port of Haiphong. No doubt there will be other concessions later, such as the coveted naval base in the safe and convenient harbour of Cam Ranh Bay.

But despite Japan's many successes, she has not yet been able to subdue the Chinese Government at Chungking under the leadership of General Chiang Kai-shek. The nearest the Japanese have got to Chungking by land is central Honan, Hupeh and Hunan.

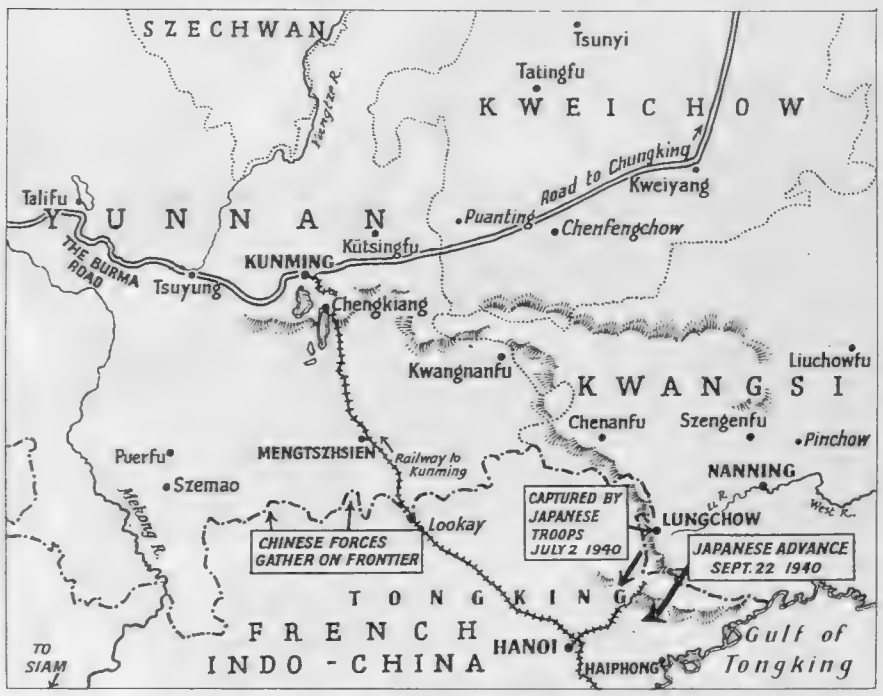
Chungking has been bombed almost incessantly, for the second summer in succession, ever since the winter fogs lifted from over it in April. It makes an ideal target, lying between two rivers whose glittering surface guides the bombers by night and day to their objective. It is an ideal target too because of the extraordinary amount of damage a bomb can cause there.

Chungking is a city built on a rock against which high explosives burst with terrible force. The houses of the poor, roof joining roof over vast areas, are built of mud, sticks, and straw that blaze instantly and are wholly consumed under a shower of incendiary bombs. A year ago, on May 3 and 4, 5,000 persons were blown up or burnt to death in a few short raids on Chungking. The authorities learned a lesson from that calamity and have since separated the city into many divisions by fire lanes that help to check the flames, and they have had caves blasted in the solid rock to make shelters for thousands of defenceless people.

F. E. Dean



HOW THE YANGTSE GORGE COUNTRY PREVENTS A JAPANESE FRONTAL ADVANCE UPON CHUNGKING: Communication between the provinces in the East is only possible by way of the Yangtse river itself, the narrow channel of which being only navigable by small craft; no naval craft larger than a gun-boat can operate on the river north of Ichang. The edge of the Japanese military operations is indicated approximately by the band running across the map. The map given below joins on with this one at the Province of Kweichow



HOW THE JAPANESE ARE ATTEMPTING TO OUTFLANK THE CHINESE BY AN ATTACK THROUGH INDO-CHINA: The Japanese have been pushing their way slowly through Southern Kwangsi by way of Nanning and Lungchow, which latter place they reached in July of this year. Now they evidently hope to get in sufficient troops by way of the railway to Kunming. The Chinese have massed against this threat to their southern flank, and an important bridge on the railway has been broken

CHINESE INHABITANTS OF CHUNGKING MARCHING OUT OF THEIR STRICKEN CITY: Chungking suffered a renewal of bombing on August 23. The Japanese evidently wanted to get in some bombing before the cloudy season, which puts an end to the air attacks, sets in

THE CHINESE CARTING HOME A WRECKED JAPANESE BOMBER: In spite of the numerical superiority of the Japanese Air Force, Chungking has been able to build up some sort of resistance from the air and the ground. The anti-aircraft preparations are stated to be much improved

WHAT of the BOMBED CHILDREN?

Innocent Victims of the Bombers, Who Have Been Forced Out of London

BOMBED OUT OF THEIR HOSPITAL IN GREAT ORMOND STREET, these little patients have been evacuated to a safe refuge in the country where they are now forgetting the horrors of war

A NURSE FROM THE ROYAL HOSPITAL FOR SICK CHILDREN IN GREAT ORMOND STREET WITH ONE OF HER CHARGES: When this famous London Hospital received direct hits from enemy bombs recently, not one baby, mother or expectant mother, nurse, medical student, doctor or hospital servant was injured; all had removed to a place of safety. The Hospital has been evacuated to a safe spot in the country, where the work is now being carried on and where children and staff alike can forget their nights of horror

SAFETY FOR BABIES EVACUATED FROM LONDON: A number of evacuee children from the bombed areas of London have found safety at the London County Council's Nursery at Ashford in Middlesex. This Nursery is equipped with shelters where the children can sleep and also have their meals, if necessary

BABY MUST BE CARED FOR: Although bombed out and temporarily without a permanent home, this mother found a place in which to bath her youngster. This was at one of the L.C.C. centres, where refugees from the bombs wait for their new billets

A LONDON MOTHER AND HER CHILDREN LEAVE FOR THE COUNTRY: This mother was one of those from a bombed London area, evacuated from the Mary Ward Settlement to the country. Mrs. Rowland is the mother of seven children, all of whom are seen with her above

BABIES SLEEP IN THE CRYPT OF ST. MARTIN'S CHURCH: Down in the crypt of this well-known church in Trafalgar Square, little London children now climb into the bunks which were built originally for down-and-outs. Their mothers climb in beside them, and throughout these noisy nights of continuous barrage fire keep each other warm. Here the Rev. E. W. J. Motley is telling some of the children a bedtime story before he tucks them into their bunks for the night

THE UNDIGNIFIED END OF A GERMAN BOMBER: This picture was taken on a main road in Southern England a few days ago. The German bomber was forced down, but—as often happens in such cases—the fuselage was almost intact. The chief damage was to the under-carriage, wings and tail. When this photograph was taken the bomber was on its way to one of the "graveyards" of the Minister of Aircraft Production

QUIET DETACHMENT! This amusing picture was taken near London. The Junkers 88 was shot down by a machine-gun detachment when flying low over the ground. After a guard had been posted around the fallen aircraft, fire broke out in the wings; when this picture was taken two of the guards were still oblivious of what was going on!

AND THIS IS WHAT HAPPENS WHEN AN ITALIAN PLANE IS SHOT DOWN: This picture shows the remains of an Italian Caproni bomber which was brought down in Kenya. Four of the crew were killed and two were taken prisoner. As has often been stated, Italian aircraft consist largely of three-ply and bicycle tubing—here only the tubing has survived the flames

THE KING AND THE 12-YEAR-OLD BOY FROM HACKNEY: During his visit to various centres which have been established in many districts of London to deal with the hundreds of unfortunate air raid victims, the King walked into a rest room at the Wilton Way L.C.C. Rest Centre at Hackney. There he saw 12-year-old Albert West, guarding the family's salvaged possessions: the boy told his King that he had been bombed out of two homes; he was still unafraid, however, and quite happy. With the King during his tour of inspection was Admiral Evans (of the *Broke*), who has just been appointed by the Government to deal with the many problems affecting those Londoners who have suffered through the bombing of the Capital

PRINCE EDWARD IS NOW FIVE YEARS OLD: This group picture was taken to commemorate the birthday of young Prince Edward, elder child of the Duke and Duchess of Kent. He was born on October 9, 1935, and thus became five years of age last Wednesday. His little sister, Princess Alexandra, was born on Christmas Day, 1936. Our picture was taken at the Duke's country house in Buckinghamshire; it includes the family's pet—the chow Mouff, an especial favourite of both the Royal children

The HOUSE of LORDS BOMBED

—And Other Important News Items of the Past Week Shown in Pictures

THE NEW VISOR ADOPTED FOR THE BRITISH ARMY: During the last war, many hundreds of British soldiers were blinded. But now, after long research, the Army has adopted the visor shown above for our first-line troops in the hope that casualties from this cause will be largely avoided in the future

THE HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT SUFFER FROM THE BOMBINGS: It has now been revealed that during one of the recent attacks on London a bomb fell near the Houses of Parliament. Although the famous bronze statue of Richard Coeur de Lion, by Marochetti, in Old Palace Yard seemed to receive the full blast of the explosion, it suffered surprisingly slight damage, sustaining little more than a bent sword. The House of Lords suffered a number of broken windows, and the outer walls were pocked by bomb splinters: but on the whole the damage was not as extensive as might have been expected. Parliament can now be added to the other famous London buildings which have felt the Nazi fury

LIFE GOES ON IN THE COUNTRYSIDE DESPITE THE COMINGS AND GOINGS OF BOMBERS

The field at the start of the Meeting passing a bombed inn when the Aldenham Harriers were out cubbing in Hertfordshire a few days ago. The Master, Major Sir Jocelyn Lucas, M.C., arrived at the Meet in uniform; he is seen above leading the field (on left)

COUNTRYSIDE ACTIVITIES IN THE WAR

The Rural Life of England Still Goes On

AWAY FROM THE ATMOSPHERE OF WAR: The Claro Beagles opened their season with a meet at Grantley in Ripon; owing to the war, however, there was only a poor field to enjoy the first run with the hounds. Above, Huntsman Charles Bell (on left) is seen leading off with the pack to the first draw; the girl with the whip on right is Miss R. F. Bamford

THE KENT FARMERS CARRY ON WITH THEIR WORK: Although air raids are extensive over the Kentish fields, the farmers are carrying on with their labours in the usual way and are quite unperturbed by the bombers and fighters. Here sheep-dipping is in progress in an area where air battles are almost daily occurrences

SOUTH BRENT FAIR IS HELD IN A FIELD: For the first time in its history the South Brent Fair, near Exeter, has had to be held in a field instead of in the village streets. Despite that the Fair was a village annual fixture and greatly looked forward to, the local folk are glad to see its removal, as they had to board their shops to stop the animals from damaging their windows. The Fair is the second oldest in the country

CIDER MAKING STARTS IN GLOUCESTERSHIRE: A few of the old stone cider mills are still used in Gloucestershire. The old mill in this picture is owned by a farmer at Woodmancote and has been used regularly for many, many years. "Tom," the old horse, has worked it for twenty years: the children are evacuees from bombed areas

WOMEN'S WAR EFFORT IN THE FORESTS—STACKING LOGS AFTER THEY HAVE BEEN FELLED IN THE WOODS: Members of the Women's Land Army, encamped on Forestry Commission land in a lonely part of Suffolk, are doing valuable work in one of the many wartime departments of Britain. These sturdy young women—all volunteers and drawn from many different classes—are engaged in the lopping and trimming of trees and the clearing of undergrowth in the wooded countryside, a valuable task at a time like the present

SMILING WOMEN WORKERS OF THE LAND ARMY COMING INTO CAMP AFTER A HARD DAY'S WORK AMONGST THE TREES IN SUFFOLK

Such were the dawdling days when "motoring" enjoyed a fashion far in excess of its speed or expediency. The leisurely pace of the period may have harmonised well with "roof-garden" hats and "wasp-waists". But this now fantastic phase could no more have hoped to stay than the Dunlop tyre of that time could have defied its ultimate progress towards the masterpiece it is today.

DUNLOP

TYRES

WITH TEETH TO BITE THE ROAD

EAST END PETS CARED FOR AT TATTERSALLS: Residents of the East End of London have no need to worry about their pet dogs. Many of these are being cared for by the P.D.S.A. at Tattersalls, where they now take their exercise in the well-known rings

THE "GIRL PAT" GOES TO SEA AGAIN—ON WAR WORK: THE SKIPPER (on left) AND THE COMMANDING OFFICER ON THE BRIDGE

THE COMMANDING OFFICER OF THE "GIRL PAT" AND HIS CREW: For some time before the war the *Girl Pat* was moored in the Thames off Chelsea. This is the tiny vessel which created such a sensation a few years ago with her amazing voyage across the South Atlantic. She has now adopted a new role, and has undertaken a still more hazardous task; the *Girl Pat* is now on mine-sweeping patrol, and these pictures were taken recently on her return to a home port

The World of Books—By Vernon Fane

NINETEENTH-CENTURY REMINISCENCES

Sitwelliana; Angela Thirkell's Cheerful War Story; A New Novelist and A Famous One

THE Sitwell family needs no introduction to the literary world, but **TWO GENERATIONS** (Macmillan. 15s.) will bring to light two more gifted members who, in this volume, are presented by Mr. Osbert Sitwell.

He has been fortunate enough to make the unique discovery of two documents written by members of consecutive generations of the family. One of them is a book of reminiscences by Georgina Caroline Sitwell, who was born in 1824, and the other is a diary kept by her niece, Florence Sitwell, who was born in 1858. Both are period pieces, and both reflect, as the editor observes, to an intense degree the spirit of their times. The periods run consecutively, and it might be presumed that they would reveal a kind of continuity of nineteenth-century life.

But in effect no two documents could be more dissimilar. As Mr. Sitwell points out, "An infinite, an immeasurable chasm divides them. They are a whole bloodless revolution apart. Traditional England, with its faults redeemed by a measure of beauty and gaiety, had died in those black and hopeless years between, ousted by the greedy, ravening hordes of the middle classes whose grandsons we now see in the process, themselves, of being demolished. Mr. Gradgrind, springing top-hatted and encased in woollen clothes, from some hidden sowing of dragon's teeth left over from the Puritan triumph of two centuries before, had flowered alone and glorious in that desert space, taking to himself the colour of mourning, and of the pall of soot which he had caused to overhang the land. For him, and for the strange quality of beauty and goodness which he embodied, children had laboured twelve hours a day in heat and darkness."

The Mrs. Swinton who was Georgina Sitwell could look back to that traditional England as yet unspoiled by the industrial revolution with its smoke and grime of a million chimneys, and the hateful money-grubbing period which was to descend upon a green and pleasant land. Miss Florence Sitwell, on the other hand, lived in that era of smug hypocrisy, of slums, affluence, and bad taste, in which is summed up all the ugliness and horrors which have since been associated with the nineteenth century.

The transition is indeed a veritable chasm. Mrs. Swinton's father was one of the first of the English squires to conceive the idea of renting a Highland moor for the shooting, and it was to Balmoral that he, his family and his servants used to go. A picture of that cavalcade, with its advance guard of stores, servants and heavy luggage, dispatched from Hull by sea a fortnight before, is an impressive and even fascinating one. Towards the end of her piece Mrs. Swinton has many comments and many regrets to record of the changes of fifty years, but even so she could not anticipate the enormous step into a different form of life recorded by the diary of Miss Florence Sitwell.

Here is the era of the railway, of the grime and gold of the new era in full swing; a decade smothered in an omnipresent religious atmosphere. Archbishops, bishops, archdeacons, parsons, church-going, hymn-singing and the rest of it fill her pages. Randall Davidson, afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury, crops up frequently in her pages, because he was a distant connection of the family, but the diary is in almost violent contrast to the serenity and charm of her aunt's memoirs.

Mr. Osbert Sitwell's preface rounds off what is altogether a delightful book. Properly to savour it one should turn again to the preface, after the last sentence of the diary, which ends with "the Archbishop's deep voice praying that the world might be prepared for the Second Coming of Christ," and enjoy once more the urbane elegance and the periods of distinctive description with which Mr. Sitwell presents these two fascinating family pieces.

Childhood in the last decade of the nineteenth century and the period of the present one up to the end of the last war are the years covered by Dame Katherine Furse in her first volume of autobiography, **HEARTS AND POMEGRANATES** (Peter Davies. 15s.). Dame Katherine was the daughter of John Addington Symonds, and completed her cultural background by marrying a famous painter.

Born in 1875, she lived most of her childhood in that part of the Swiss Alps which is but a step from Italy. It was a delightful childhood, with plenty of travel and with constant contact with all the best that was in those days to be found in Southern Europe. In that way of life she grew up to meet and to mix with most of the prominent personalities of those days, many of them strongly defined characters possessing an unshakeable individualism and being very much the leaders of advanced thought in their period.

When the war came, Dame Katherine was to make a considerable reputation as Commandant in Chief of the V.A.D., and Director of the W.R.N.S., which latter organisation she brought triumphantly into being and so laid the foundation for the women's services which function so efficiently at the present day. It is a book full of character, charm and distinction, and one which leaves the reader with a pleasant anticipation of yet another volume to come.

Mrs. Angela Thirkell's readers will be delighted to be re-introduced once more to the community at Southbridge, and to find how life moves there since the events which began in September of last year. With **CHEERFULNESS BREAKS IN** (Hamish Hamilton. 7s. 6d.) Mrs. Thirkell takes a not inapposite text from Dr. Johnson. For, in spite of black-outs, servant troubles, evacuees and all the rest of the things attendant upon kriegs, blitz and otherwise, this author is perfectly capable of introducing the cheerful note of her own insouciance and high spirits.

It begins with a rollicking description of the marriage of that charming nit-wit Rose Birkett to Lieutenant Fairweather, R.N. It carries on with the invasion of the famous public school by the Hosiers' Boys Foundation School, led by the egregious Mr. Bissell and certain other attendant difficulties. It ends with a perfectly suitable romance for the determined Lydia Keith. It is, in fact, a perfect Angela Thirkell novel, on a current theme, and as such needs no further recommendation to my readers.

Backstage of a small London theatre, with some interludes on filming and film-studios, are the setting of Miss Emery Bonett's **NEVER GO DARK** (Heinemann. 8s.). It requires a considerable talent to make a good novel of such material, for theatrical characters are apt to move in a theatrical world, that is to say, an unreal world of their own creation. But Miss Bonett's spinster dramatist is a living and quite brilliant character study.

Never Go Dark is full of atmosphere and of subtly observed detail, together with a good measure of quiet humour. It is a novel well above the average, and one which must surely bring the author to the attention of all those who take the English novel seriously in these days.

An American novel by the author of the now famous *Drums Along the Mohawk* can be recommended as a complete relaxation in these present times. Mr. W. D. Edmonds' **CHAD HANNAH** (Collins. 10s. 6d.) deserves to be as popular as his other best-sellers, and probably will. A leading American critic has described it as "a yarn of romance and adventure. This book is a vacation. It is an escape book."

Chad Hannah is an orphan foundling who will probably step into the gallery of immortals alongside Tom Sawyer and Huckleberry Finn With his fellow waif, Caroline Trid, he plunges into the life of a travelling circus, and such a life, as we all know, can extract full measure from the picaresque, and especially when it is told with the verve and authenticity of detail of Mr. W. D. Edmonds.

Not the least attractive of its many qualities is the recreation of life in the remoter parts of the United States during the past century. In previous books — notably *Erie Water*, Mr. Edmonds has demonstrated what a profound knowledge he possesses of conditions in the rural areas during those formative years. Some of his characters in *Chad Hannah* almost seem to take on Dickensian attributes!

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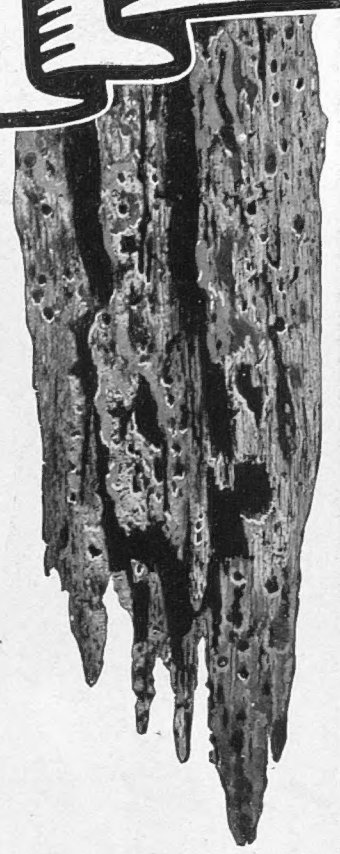

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MINISTRY OF FOOD

THE WEEK'S FOOD FACTS No. 11

THIS is no time to neglect your meals. You must keep up your health and strength. Learn the art of making one-pot dishes combining a number of essential foods (you'll find a recipe for one below). Bread and potatoes will give you bodily warmth, and energy to cope with the present difficulties.

ON THE KITCHEN FRONT

One-pot Meal

It is perfectly easy to have good hot meals without much heat in cooking. The following dish is a particularly appetising and useful one. Cut into convenient pieces 2 lbs. of any stewing meat, such as skirt of beef, ox-cheek or shin of beef and put in a casserole. Add a teacupful of rice, 2 or 3 carrots, an onion and a piece of swede, all sliced. Season with salt and pepper and add a bay leaf if liked. Pour in enough hot water to cover and top with slices of raw potato. Put on the lid and cook in the oven at the lowest possible heat for at least 5 hours. If you don't want to use the oven, put the covered casserole into a large saucepan with boiling water coming as far up the sides of the casserole as possible. Put on the saucepan lid and cook over a glimmer of heat for at least 3 hours, replenishing the boiling water if necessary.

Carried Meal

The carried meal can be made attractive if you give thought to it, and sandwiches are apt to become monotonous. Delicious and satisfying meals can be made in little fireproof dishes or basins, and if the contents are firm enough, these can be easily carried. Here are two suggestions: Shepherd's Pie with a good covering of grated breadcrumbs, and a layer of chutney on the bottom of the dish if liked; or Kedgeree made with rice and canned salmon. Both these dishes may be heated up, but they are very good cold, too. If possible eat them with a little salad.

Hints on Storing Potatoes

Anyone can store potatoes successfully provided these rules are observed:

1. The potatoes *must* be dry. Dig them in fine weather and leave them on the surface to dry for a few hours. If necessary complete drying under cover and in the dark.

2. Store in boxes or sacks in a frost-proof building. All light must be excluded to prevent the potatoes from greening. Cover them with sacking or a thick layer of straw or bracken.

Turn on your wireless at 8.15 every morning to hear useful hints and recipes

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In Quest of Good Hotels

By ASHLEY COURTENAY

IN pre-war days the months of September and October were synonymous in the minds of many people with travel to Scotland. In 1940 there is really no reason why the northward trek should not take place just the same. Not, of course, that anyone has the time or the heart for shooting parties unless they are of the Home Guard variety with a Messerschmitt for a bag instead of the elusive grouse. But in spite of all this talk of 24-hour shifts seven days a week, the individual must let up occasionally, the better to work with renewed vigour on his or her return from a brief rest.

I do not hold with the person who says: "I shan't go away for a holiday; I shall just stay and rest at home." One cannot rest at home in the same way at all. Friends who are working drop in during the evening with tales of narrow escapes and bomb explosions; in the case of women, housekeeping worries crop up, no matter how cleverly you have decided to delegate them to someone else during your week off. There is nothing for it but to get away in the literal sense, many miles from your home surroundings, if you would benefit by complete change.

It is a mistaken idea to think that Scotland is only hospitable to those who wield a gun or swing a pretty club. There is nothing on earth to prevent you from staying at one of her many hotels, and driving or walking through the surrounding scenery, doing nothing more energetic. Personally, I incline towards walking, not only because petrol is at a premium, but because properly to enjoy beautiful country you must be able to stop at will, to "stand and stare" and drink it in, and change your direction suddenly if you wish; there are many places where your feet will carry you though wheels may jib.

Personally, if I were lucky enough to be leaving raid-ridden London and going Scotlandwards at this moment, I should set my face towards Braemar, and I hope that any of you who try it reach it via Blairgowrie and Glenshee.

Once you are well on the Blairgowrie road you have said good-bye to the Lowlands, but when you reach Blairgowrie itself you experience a shock. It sounds so wild, untamed, enthralling; in actual fact it is a quiet little town, its streets flanked by austere, grey stone houses. You go through it, and on towards Braemar, passing Ben-y-Gloe, Ben MacDhui, Cairn Toul and Cairn Gorm, and passing them slowly, for their beauty must be well digested. At Braemar even golfers are going to do more than play golf; they will stay at the Fife Arms, which welcomes you from its background of pines.

You are well north of what Southerners and Londoners would call civilisation here, yet within this hotel you find every modern comfort, including the hottest of hot water, and no chance of a main being hit and denying you your morning bath. Here, too, is the best of simple food, beautifully cooked, and an old-fashioned "at homeness" that is difficult to beat.

Braemar can offer you another hotel, the Invercauld Arms, and if you stay here you may find yourself sleeping on the very spot where the Earl of Mar raised the Standard for the son of James II 225 years ago.

Some of you who favour Scotland for a holiday, however short, may not want to go so far north; for those I would recommend south Perthshire, with the Lake Hotel, Port of Monteith, for a resting-place.

Small, but extremely attractive and standing right on the water's edge, this hotel, which looks more like a rambling country house, is an ideal spot in which to forget the worries of war, while you enjoy Mrs. Dalrymple's quite excellent food. Lovers of Scottish history should come here, for across the lake, only a few minutes' travel from the hotel in a boat, is the Isle of Inchmahome, where Mary Queen of Scots was sent for refuge at one time during her chequered career, and where a garden she designed still survives.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

P.J., Radlett.—I have the very place for you; you want the warmth of the south coast, and a certain amount of gaiety but a place that is not expensive; I would suggest you stay at the Drum, Cockington, a very pretty little village a mile outside Torquay; here I am sure you will be comfortable, and all your amusements are only a mile away; Torquay is a very definite "haven" at this present time.

N. M., Northampton.—Lakeland is very full just now; have you ever thought of Grange-over-Sands, known to many people as the Torquay of the North? It is a delightful little seaside town, and equipped with one of the nicest modern hotels I know, Graythwaite Manor. This hotel is beautifully run, and beautifully situated; high above the town, overlooking the bay.

H. S., Kingston.—I shall be very pleased to help you if I can, though as you wish to be fairly near London the choice is limited. On the other hand, I do feel I have got the very place for you, and that is the Rosemullion Hotel, Budleigh Salterton. The hotel itself is in a good position overlooking the sea, and the climate mildly bracing. The Rosemullion is really very first-class, and the Lees, who run it, take great pride in keeping up the standard.

R. S. D., Coventry.—Here are the names of one or two places of varying sizes which you might care to write to and investigate. I have selected them because of their quietude—Armathwaite Hall Hotel, Bassenthwaite, near Keswick; the Borrowdale Hotel, Borrowdale, about two miles outside Keswick. And for smaller places I would suggest—the Sun Hotel, Coniston; the Wild Boar Inn, near Kendal; the Pheasant Inn, Bassenthwaite.

Mr. Ashley Courtenay is always pleased to advise "Sphere" readers of hotels, both large and small, known to him personally. Letters, accompanied by a 2½d. stamp for reply, should be addressed to him, c/o the Editor, THE SPHERE, *32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4. Personal and telephone inquiries, however, cannot be accepted.*

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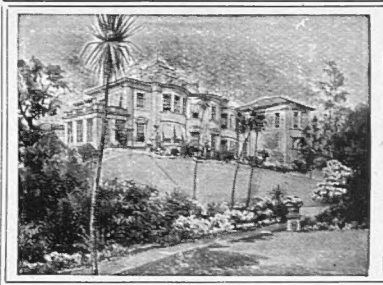

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